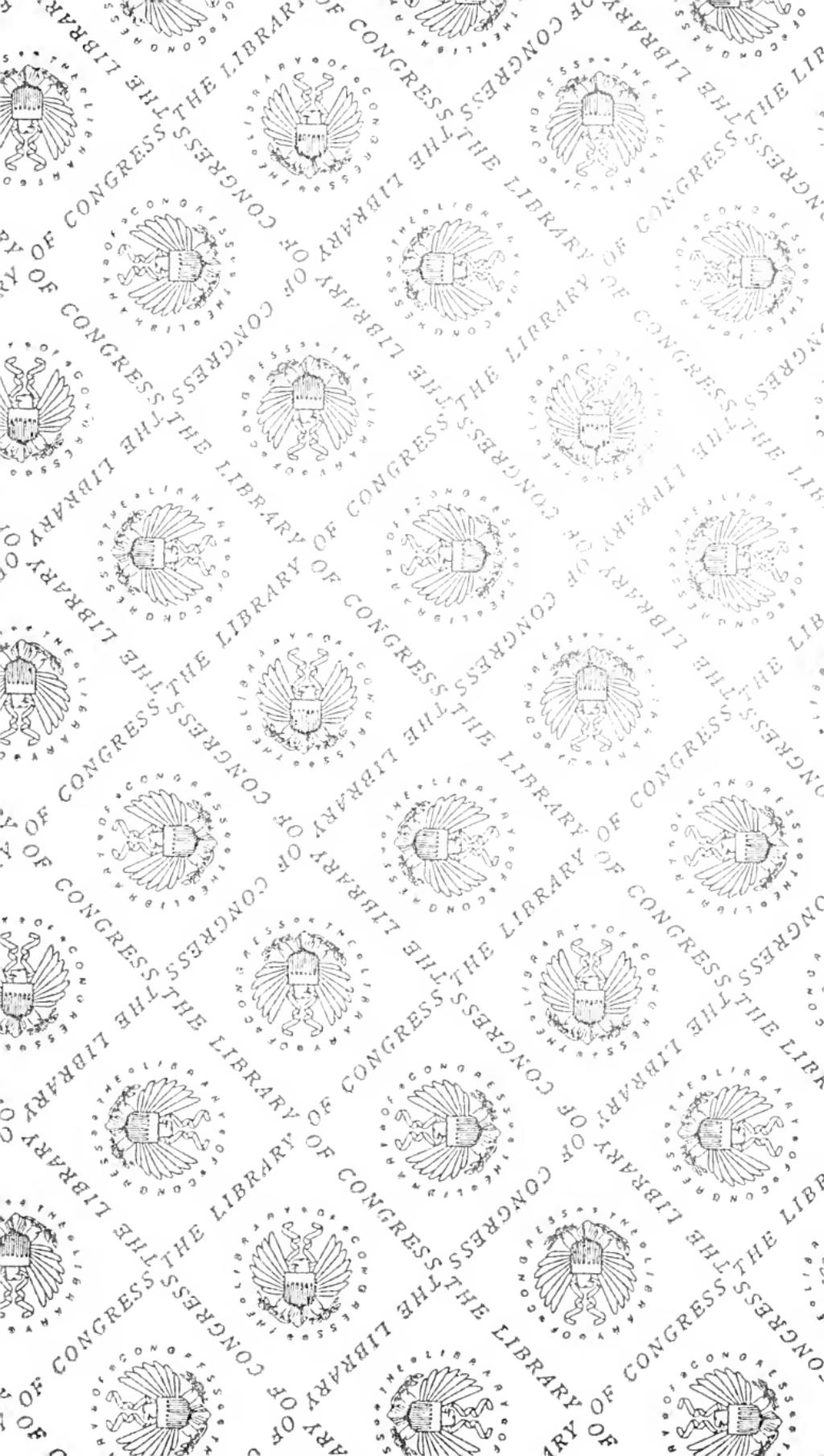
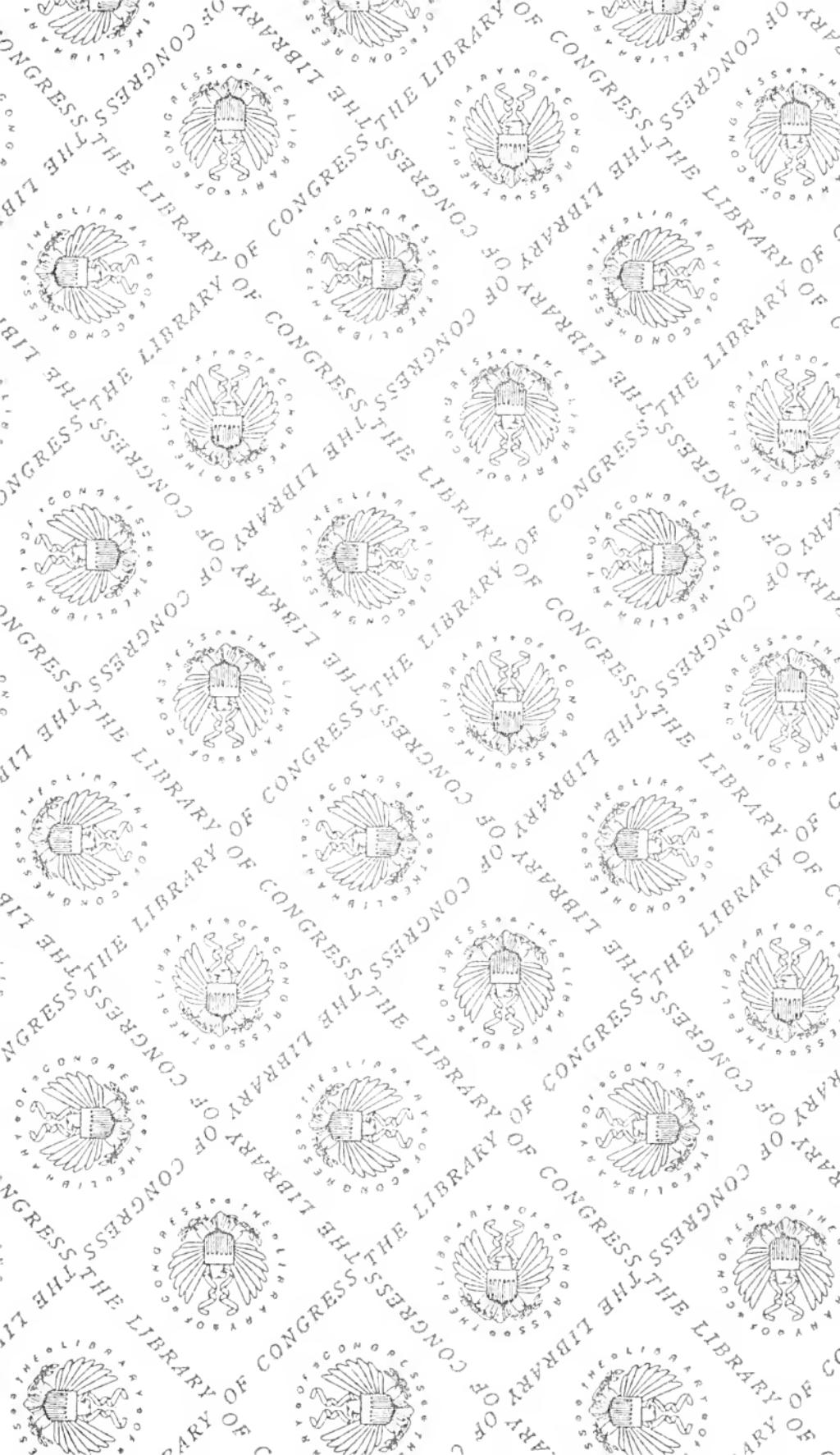


PS 3515
.E887 S6

1914





F275
152

•SONGS•
OF
THE
ROCKIES



BY
CHARLES
EDWIN
•HEWES•



Class P 22

Book E 2816

Copyright No. 117-4

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

K'

SONGS OF THE ROCKIES

2

"It is difficult to convey any just impression of the mountains; one might, it is true, arrange the visible heads in a list, stating their heights and distances, and leaving the imagination to furnish them with peaks and pinnacles, to build the precipices, polish the snow, rend the glaciers, and cap the highest summits with appropriate clouds."

—John Tyndall.

Songs of the Rockies

—By—

CHARLES EDWIN HEWES

Decorations
—BY—
Dean Babcock



THE EGERTON-PALMER PRESS
Estes Park, - Colorado



All rights reserved

Copyright 1914
By Charles Edwin Hewes

AUG 21 1914

© Cl. A 379182



There is but *one*
In all this world
Who hath my soul
Most tender stirred;
And these wild songs,
Writ the peaks among,
I, as flowers
Proff'ed by a lover,
Place at the feet
Of that One, my Mother;
And next to her,
My, dear beloved Brother.
C. E. H.

Elkanah Valley,
Estes Park,
April 11, 1914.

THE Longs Peak *oberland*, and the region closely associated with it, includes both slopes of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, from the Arapahoes on the south to Flat Top on the north, including the connecting Mummy and Medicine Bow ranges and the Continental Divide to the Rabbit Ears.

Seen from Estes Park and the Great Plains on the east, and from the floors and west rims of Middle and North Parks, the great mountain appears as a huge central mass supported by vast ranges on the north and south. In reality, the peak is on a short spur range a mile east of the Continental Divide, but this separating distance is so slight as to be imperceptible when the range is viewed *en masse*.

Two of the four large interstate rivers rising in Colorado, the Platte and the Colorado, find their sources in this region; the former, not only receives an immense flood from the tributary Boulder, St. Vrain, Thompson and Poudre streams, but is also greatly augmented by the splendid flow of the North Platte, streaming northward into Wyoming.

The three great parks—Middle, North and Estes, all head in the close vicinity of the lofty summit of the American Matterhorn—Longs Peak.



CONTENTS

	Page
Estes Park—My Colorado Queen.....	1
The Mountain Brook.....	2
Worship	3
Song Of The Quaking Asp.....	5
The Heavenly Blush.....	6
You Looked Fairest In The Hills.....	7
Grand Lake	9
'Deed, It Seemed Nice To Have The Cabin Chuck Full Of Tobacco Smoke Again....	11
Yon Solitary Blue Hollow.....	13
Birds Of Passage.....	15
Estes Park In Winter.....	16
Longs Peak	19
Rosy East	21
Mt. Clarence King From Copeland Lake....	23
Maximum Gales	25
The Night Log.....	29
The Mummy	31
Beautiful Isles Of Sky.....	32
The Dying Thrush.....	33
Val Elkanah	35

	Page
Altitude	37
Wild Alp Wind Roaring Up Aloft And Whirr Of Bluebird's Wing	39
The Mountain Night.....	41
Flat Top.....	43
Yon Peak.....	44
Mountain Berries.....	45
The Sun Shines Bright On Lily's Mount.....	47
Song Of The Trout.....	49
The Peak Bird.....	51
The Wild White Wilderness.....	52
I Know A Place.....	53
The Twin Sisters.....	55
The Wingèd Regiment.....	57
The Cabin.....	58
Up! Up—Into The Blue.....	59
The Fleeces.....	61
The Beaver.....	63
Under The Snows.....	67
Winter Flight Of Ptarmigan.....	69
Aspen Days Are Days Of Gold.....	70
Virgin Peaks.....	71
The Maid O' Cow-bell Hill.....	73
Purples	76
There Is No Border To The West.....	77
The Alpenglow.....	79
The Quaker's Bonny Bonnets.....	81
Some Holy Day.....	83
Wild Basin.....	85

	Page
The Mist Dragon.....	89
Spruces And Stars.....	91
Song Of The Glow-worm.....	95
Louis	97
Back To The Hearth Of My Hut.....	99
Lights Of The Vale.....	101
The Saw-whet Owl.....	103
The White Shepherd Of The Oberland.....	105
The Hermit-thrush.....	109
A Mountain Morning Gray And I To Work..	110
City Lights Seen From The Wilderness.....	113
Ye Bright Foaming Waters Of Bounding St. Vrain	114
The Guilt Of Bearing Proud Antlered Crest..	117
Ye Green Pines And Tall Spruces Of Wind River Trail.....	118
In The Valley Of Elkanah—There Is Love..	119
'Tis Moonlight On The Sisters.....	121
A Thunder-cloud Issuing From The Black Cañon	123
Mountain Maid.....	125
Love	127
'Tis Evening In The Valley Of Elkanah.....	128

ESTES PARK—MY COLORADO QUEEN

F AIR one, thy snow lords are waking
'Neath the torches of crimson morn.
Fair one, thy gray crags are steaming
In the mists of the midnight storm.
Fair one, the eagles are screaming
A challenge to mountain hearts.
Fair one, thy woods are ringing
In the pipe of a thousand larks.

Oh! Estes Park! I do love you,
Queen of the mountains, with your skies so blue;
Your hills and vales, your murmur'ring streams,
Your beauteous nights, when the silver moon beams.

Fair one, I'll seek thee in rainbows,
I'll search all thy valleys green.
I'll hunt thee in golden sunshine,
And chase thee in shining rain.
I'll woo thee in purple shadows;
And under thy white waterfalls,
I'll clasp thee fast in the torrent—
We'll wed where the lone ouzel calls.

Fair one, our lives shall be merry.
Our hearts shall bound as the deer,
That swift o'er thy meadows scamper—
That quaff from thy fountains clear.
And when in the evening's shadow
My life speeds away in the gloom,
Lay me beneath a green aspen—
Let thy grassy slopes be my tomb.

Oh! Estes Park! I do love you,
Queen of the mountains, with your skies so blue;
Your hills and vales, your murmur'ring streams,
Your beauteous nights, when the silver moon beams.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK

A DAIN'TY daughter of the Snow am I.
My father, the gold Sun.
My Lord, the blue Sky.

I was born when a Sunbeam my mother's lips kissed.
I leaped from her bosom in a halo of mist.
I've dashed down the mountain in my garments of
foam,
Toward the great Ocean, my future home.
For the River's my husband, and together we
Shall wind thru the rushes toward the deep sea.

Oh, you that are thirsty, as I pass you by,
Oh, drink of my fountain, the dew of the sky;
Brewed on the far heights of sunlight and snow;
Distilled 'neath the blue sky and poured here below.
Oh, drink of my waters, each passing soul.
Quaff from my bosom, as I toward the sea roll.

A dainty daughter of the Snow am I.
My father, the gold Sun.
My Lord, the blue Sky.

WORSHIP

LAST glint of gold upon the hills—
Last gleam of Day's sun glory.
How like the summits of my soul,
Aglow with skies so rosy,
Of Him whose heart is the flower of life,
Rare rose of loveliness;
Of Him whose love is the bosom of bliss,
Fragrant with holiness.

And I kneel me down in that holy light,
And press my lips to the sod.
And I know by faith of the inner sight
That I've kissed the hand of God.
Last glint of gold upon the hills—
Last gleam of Day's sun glory.
My soul pours forth its flood of praise—
The evening's offertory.

The quaking asp or aspen, the principal deciduous tree of the Northern Colorado Rockies, is equally the favorite of the botanist and the woodsman. Long after the grass and flowers appear in the early spring, it refuses to burst its buds, fearful of belated snows; but once assured, puts forth its vivid green leaves with great vigor. The tall slender trunks assume a beautiful velvety creamy bloom in the spring, which together with the dazzling leaf cover, presents a refreshing aspect of verdured beauty. It is a saying among the mountaineers that, "wherever the aspens grow, there is good soil;" which, however, does not always apply, if depth of soil is to be considered; for this flourishing sylvic, which finds root-hold even at timber-line, often withers and dies in considerable companies, when it reaches the food limit of shallow soil. Once rooted in deep, or average, moist soil, however, and protected from wind, it attains considerable girth and height, growing side by side with spruce and pine for many years. It is to the aspen that the woodsman turns for binding sticks, in connection with his chains, to bind his load of poles or logs; for there is just enough spring in the withy green trunks, to ease the strain of the load on the rough roads over which in part he is usually forced to travel; also to the same tree he turns for his brake-blocks, on account of the elastic fibre of its growth and its very slight wear on the wagon tires. Aspen, when dried, is highly prized for stove wood, and if a stove is clogged from the use of pine, it will consume and destroy the soot and pitch, and thus clean the stove. In autumn, the hills, from the lofty heights near timber-line, down to the great leafy groves of the valley floors, are one bright blaze of gold and crimson from the frost turned leaves of the aspen, in vivid contrast with the dark green masses of the conifers. It is the aspen that furnishes the beaver his principal supply of dam and house material, and its bark is his main food provision.



SONG OF THE QUAKING ASP

THE aspens are calling the little dun deer.
Come! Up from the valley and be with us
here.

Here, where the grasses are spreading their green;
Here, where the rushes are breasting the stream.

Come! Oh, ye bounding ones of mountain and
heath.

Come! Rest safe beneath me, the soft quaking leaf.

The aspens are calling the little dun deer.

Oh! Know ye not, loved ones, the summer is here?
Here, where the thrushes are piping their lay;
Here, where the roses perfume the long day.

Come! Oh, ye coy ones, ere the autumn's in sheaf.
Come! Sweet recline ye, 'neath the soft quaking
leaf.

The aspens are calling the little dun deer.

Come! Tarry ye not, the sweet lupine is here.
Here, where the west wind soft ripples the lake;
Here, where the moonbeams pierce the dark brake.

Come! Oh, ye wild ones, up from manor and fief.
Come! Hide in the shade of the soft quaking leaf.

THE HEAVENLY BLUSH

THE Heavenly Blush is pressing
Its cheeks 'gainst the mountains soft;
Last kiss of the fading sunset,
Pressed fond on the peaks aloft.
Oh, lingering One, thou wringest
A sigh from my earth-bound heart,
For one who dwells beyond ye—
By my ribbed flesh thus kept apart.

Oh, Heavenly Blush, my message bear,
As ye fade from yonder sky;
Caressing Eve's dusky deep-murked spaces,
As ye lambent westward ply.
Tell her, my immortal soul is pressing
Its red lips upon her brow:
That our troth, divinely shining,
But waits Death to break Life's mortal vow.

YOU LOOKED FAIREST IN THE HILLS

LOOKING back, dear Heart, it seems to me
 You looked fairest in the hills.
 Back in that rarest summer spent
 Beside the alpine rills.

'Twas June—You well remember, Love,
 Those effulgent nights of Moon,
That bathed the Vale in glory-light,
 And set the world atune.

We wandered—Ah, Love, you blush to tell;
 How far those flowering glades.
We lingered—Ah, 'till Morn's first
 Dew-kist hour we sweetly strayed.

Nymph, you were—a naiad blushing rare.
 And I, gath'ring roses fair,
Keen envied their soft leaves nestling
 In the clusters of your hair.

Let's go back, dear Heart, this summer day,
 To those same beloved hills.
I'll woo your cheeks to roses back
 Beside the alpine rills.

Grand Lake, in Middle Park, the source of the Colorado River, is the largest natural body of water in the State of Colorado, being about two miles in length and one wide; it is also probably the deepest, soundings of over 700 feet having been obtained. It lies at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, in the lap of comparatively low, densely wooded mountains, with the towering Continental Divide seen dimly thru the deep gorges of the North and East Inlets, and the beautiful Rabbit Ear range to the northwest, visible from mid-lake and the south shore. Row, sail, and motor boating, fishing and bathing, are the sports of the numerous summer guests of the village hotels.

GRAND LAKE

GRAND Lake!
Beauteous Mother of the River
That in California land
Pours its flood of crystal water
From the Valley of the Grand.

Rio Colorado—
Born of Rocky Mountain snows.
Rio Colorado—
To the far Pacific flows.

Spruce-rimmed Basin!
The meeting place of gorges,
Vast, stupendous—
Between mountains dim and
Misty high beyond—
With wide extended beaver flats,
Canals and hutt'd pond.

Abysmal Cistern!
Walled with dizzy fathoms
Of moss-grown granite,
Rising ghostly from
Subterranean steeps;
As columned cities seen dimly
In Ocean's vasty deeps.

Blue-recessed Grot!
Of snows—which, falling
From the blue empyrean
In whitest fleece, and
Melted by the Sun,
Again take on the color
Of the sky in thy bosom.

Flashing Inlets!

North and East—pouring,
Eternal, their crystal flood
Into the waters of
This shining pool;
Drawn from the melting ices of
The Alp-land's glaciers cool.

Ambrosial Teat!

The Outlet—of this
Mothering breast, which
Bears and feeds the
Mighty Colorado River,
Rushing seaward thru the
Arizona land, its water.

Grand Lake!

Beauteous Mother of the River
That in California land
Pours its flood of crystal water
From the Valley of the Grand.

Rio Colorado—
Born of Rocky Mountain snows.
Rio Colorado—
To the far Pacific flows.

'DEED, IT SEEMED NICE TO HAVE THE
CABIN CHUCK FULL OF TOBAC-
CO SMOKE AGAIN

THE four came, to my hermitage retreat,
Out of the deep snows and the bleak wind's
beat;
Full into the glare of the big fireplace,
Casting in red bronze each deep weathered face.
Men of the howling wilderness were they,
In the Nation's wide forests holding sway.
Forest rangers, tho filled with Nature's ken,
Yet keen to enjoy the good cheer of men.
To the supper I called them. They fell to,
With zest that only wolves and woodsmen know.
When thru, with story and joke, and puff and pull,
Their four pipes went at it then.
'Deed, it seemed nice to have the cabin chuck full
Of tobacco smoke again.



Isabella L. Bird-Bishop, the celebrated English traveler, who visited Estes Park from September to December in 1873; and who so graphically describes her experiences there, in her book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, refers to Estes Park as "that solitary blue hollow."

YON SOLITARY BLUE HOLLOW

FROM yon solitary blue hollow,
Rimmed by ice-breathed, snow-beaked bergs,
And misty—douched with shining rain,
Emerges—nude, dripping, exultant
And gold-tressed—diaphanous Summer.

In yon solitary blue hollow,
Rumbling in deep sky-ward surge,
From wall to wall—and then again,
Echoes far—loud, crashing, hail-glinting
And cloud-massed—hoarse mutt'ring Thunder.

On yon solitary blue hollow,
Slashed in cloistered aisles by vale and gorge,
Deep nessed with mist wet cliffs,
Glittering—bursts, flaming, gold-limbed Sun;
And Rainbow, its guled arch uplifts.

From yon solitary blue hollow,
Sunk in the cooled, dew-laved lap of Night,
And songed with soughing pines,
Rises full—the 'fulgent, mellow Moon;
Which, gorgeous—in lunar glory shines.

In yon solitary blue hollow,
Flower perfumed, purple Pool of Sky,
Swims crimson Dawn and Day;
And Evening, swift veiling western hills,
Her rubied gems sets in array.

In yon solitary blue hollow
Broods the Great Spirit of the Crag Land,
In its vol'tile Burg of Air;
Which, towering to infinite heights,
Falls shattered—yet ever doth repair.

The mountaineer on the east slope of the Rockies observes the flight of many strange and beautiful feathered folk—often to him wholly unknown and unidentified—at the various stages of spring; flying northward along the Range, with that mad-pulsing, swift, migratory flight, described so inimitably by Audubon. Even in the dead of night he hears their strange wild cries, as they wing close over his cabin roof; also he sees them at times flit across the full moon; and occasionally, when fierce blizzards prevail at night, they hurl themselves against the windows, attracted and blinded by the light. Sometimes they stop and hastily feed, and the alp dweller finds his habitation suddenly surrounded by hundreds of north bound birds, eagerly snatching at those bits of food and seeds, which the fierce winds of winter have buried in the deep drifts, and which the sun now mercifully releases for their benefit.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

O 'ER the wintry mountains they fly—they fly,
 Birds of passage, 'cross the sky.
 And they sing to me as I sigh—I sigh,
 Of the flowers a-coming bye and bye.

They fly 'cross the March moon, so white—so white,
 Birds of passage, thru the night.
Whirring their eager wings so light—so light,
 Spreading the gladness of Summer's delight.

They're breasting the azure, so pure—so pure,
 Birds of passage, swift and sure.
A-singing to drear lands, "Endure—endure!
 We're the gay songsters of Spring's overture."

They're seeking the northland, afar—afar,
 Birds of passage, toward polar star.
Bidding the drifted snows, "Beware—beware!
 For the spring Sun's mounting his golden car."

Fly on, ye blessed ones, so sweet—so sweet,
 Birds of passage, fair to meet.
The dwellers of far lands, Oh, greet—Oh, greet,
 With that joy thou hast given me complete.

ESTES PARK IN WINTER

IN winter, by the wondrous brush craft
 Of Nature fair fashioning the view,
The matchless amphitheatre is pasted
 White and blue—the Delften hue.
Its floor, which in summer's spangled gay with flowers,
 Is sanded now with virgin snows.
And those thousand flying buttresses,
 Pine verdured, ascending in rock sculptured rows,
From park floor, to those snow crowned heights
 That firm support the vaulted dome of heaven,
Are changed from their fresh green to blue,
 And soft merge with the deep empyrean.
In this vast auditorium, clouds, fine mists,
 And vapors, stage vistas present—rare!
Shifting day and night scenes for Pan's finest dramas,
 Played to light responsive air.

Jay and chickadee lend animate life,
 With cottontail and snow-shoe fleet.
And the beaver, hutt'd in his willow and asp fringed
 pool,
Fast icebound, sleeps.
Oft-times, stag and doe bound 'cross open glades,
 And disappear in cedar hedges.
Magpies aeroplane in careening flight,
 And bighorn browse 'mong sun-warmed ledges.
Winds, bleak and chill, in high carnival
 'Mong the upper passes, roar and welter;
And at times, in Park itself, fierce biting,
 Drive both man and beast to shelter.
Clear and cold moonlit nights
 A fairy land of magic frost enchantment bring;
And bright days, e'en in deep midwinter,
 Promise sweet the coming charms of spring.

The unseen river yet preserves its meand'ring form
In snow-crusted ice.
And the elephantine Continentals
Dark lower 'neath their vizored eyes;
Or on sunny days, glittering transcendent
From fair, storm forgotten skies,
As mailed knights, in full regalia for battle,
Or rite to solemnize,
Stand rank on rank, with the assembled host
Of the gleaming Medicine Bow,
Whose wild leagues of wintry rampart,
Vigilant guard, their shining arms bestow.
While towering Longs, 'neath his boss of eternal snow,
Helmed in glory stands;
The Sov'reign Lord and Chief
Of all the white plumed legion of the Oberland.



Longs Peak, altitude 14,255 feet, the cloud monarch of the Northern Colorado Rockies, is one of the most celebrated mountains of the world; and is particularly noted for its attraction to both foreign and native professional mountain climbers, as affording a genuine test of their prowess, being wholly inaccessible to other than pedestrians. It is known to foreigners as the "American Matterhorn," from the fact that like its famous namesake, the Matterhorn of the Pennine Alps, altitude 14,703, its summit is an obelisk, altho more cubed and not sharply pointed. From the east this feature is hardly noticeable, but from the west, north, and south, it is very striking; in fact, from Flat Top and south on the Continental Divide on the Grand Lake trail, its aspect is truly formidable, and would seem to utterly defy the most intrepid mountaineer. By a curious coincidence, the first record of its attempted ascent, made by W. N. Byers in 1864, was almost identical with similar efforts made on the Matterhorn in Switzerland: the latter, however, was finally conquered in 1865 by Whymper's party, costing the lives of four of its members; while Longs was successfully and safely assaulted by the persistent Byers and his friends in 1868.

Mt. Meeker, an immediate neighbor of Longs and second only to it in altitude (13,900) as the loftiest peak of Northern Colorado, also bears a striking resemblance to the famous Swiss peak, the Weisshorn, altitude 14,803, said by many to be the noblest peak of the Alps, and a close neighbor of the Matterhorn; and whose first ascent in 1861, is so graphically described by John Tyndall. Both the Weisshorn and Meeker are pyramids, each having three faces, and in this respect bear great resemblance. The sharp apex of Meeker scarcely more than allows the occupancy of but one person, while Longs, altho very roughly surfaced, has an area of several acres.

LONGS PEAK

THOU!

With thy snowy robes
And Head of Glory!
Mighty Matterhorn!
Emerge in thy supernal beauty
From the cave of Night,
As Day pours the scarlet blood of Dawn
O'er thine altars white.
Thus, with the sacrificial rite of Morn,
The great Oberland is wakened;
The Starry Hosts their torches snuff,
And swift the Loft of Heaven do ascend.
Comes now the Sun, who crowns thy lofty brow
With glitt'ring gold;
And names thee Sov'reign Lord
O'er legioned peaks and ranges bold.

Thou!

With thy snowy robes
And Head of Glory!
Inarticulate One!
On which a thousand tempest driving ages
Fade as a breath.
And ne'er in a million stone-gnawing years
Will suffer death.
Thine is the awful sovereignty
Of Silence dumb—
Creation's birth-cries congealed
Stone and granite become.
To which the plunging avalanches,
Thundering down thy riven slopes,
Are but the sweat-drip of constricting muteness,
Throttling Expression's hopes.

Thou!
With thy snowy robes
And Head of Glory!
 God-hewn Obelisk!
Reign on, Serenity, above the canopied clouds,
 To thine appointed end;
And thru the abysmal eons of Time,
 With storm, earthquake, and frost still contend.
Vast, Promethean-bound pile,
 Yet clank the unyielding chains of Gravity.
And when at last, for the fashioning of other worlds,
 Loosed from captivity,
Explode, each unpopped granule of thy huge disin-
 tegrating mass,
 To finest dust—
Screaming the pent-up agony of the unnumbered years,
 And scatt'ring nebulous.

ROSY EAST

A CROSS the dim streaked sky she comes;
Queen of my heart—the Glory Maid.
Her Titianed tresses bright she combs,
And soft the winds her robes invade.

I love you—love you!

Maid of Dawn,
Rosy East.

The dewy morn smells sweet of rose.
The sky-lark flies to greet my Love.
The mountains flush their gleaming snows,
And low coos now the wakened dove.

I love you—love you!

Blushing One,
Rosy East.

Blushed to thy lips, ye beauteous One,
Thy kisses woo and wake the world;
And for the wreck of storms atone,
That thru the night wild winds have hurled.

I love you—love you!

Kiss me sweet,
Rosy East.

Embrace me, Love, before the Sun's stern eye
Doth rim the mountain dark and mount the sky.
Embrace me, Love. Press close thy rosy form
About me myrrhed—And then, farewell—She's gone.

I love you—love you!

Speed return,
Rosy East.

At the entrance of Wild Basin, as the great upper gorge of the North St. Vrain is familiarly known, and at a point where the State road crosses the above named stream, lies Copeland Lake, one of the beauty spots of the Front Range of the Rockies. It is a small but beautiful body of water surrounded by a forest of yellow pine, and is famous for its perfect reflection of the great central peak of the Basin—Mt. Clarence King, named by William Skinner Cooper when he made the first authentic map of the Basin in 1908; in honor of the first director of the United States Geological Survey, who ran the 40th parallel of latitude a few miles to the south of this Peak.

MT. CLARENCE KING FROM COPELAND LAKE

BEETLING Ortler!
Vast bulked and reared—
 Above thy shaggy taurian haunches—
 Against the Continental range.
Snow headed Bull of Wild Basin's
 Horned alp herd—wild, chill winds
 Bellow thine eternal challenge.

Brooding Ortler!
Deep sunk in the dusky starred distances
 Of the all embosoming Night—
Soft repose thine alpine beauty till the
 Morn beams its golden glory light;
Then, lifting high thy snowy head above
 The mist streaming pastures of the skies,
Peer, with glist'ning horn, into this mirroring
 Pool, thy flushed dawn-awakened eyes.

The predominate force in winter in the Longs Peak oberland is Boreas. Ordinary gales, of from twenty to sixty miles per hour, sometimes blow for days at a time and are little thought of. However, perhaps from four to six times a year, and from October till May, occur—what are termed by the mountaineers—maximum gales, meaning winds that attain extreme maximum velocities, and which reach a force of sixty miles an hour and upwards.

The greatest wind velocity on record in Colorado, filed in the office of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Denver, is that made in 1893 on the summit of Pikes Peak—112 miles per hour; and from the fact that records as high as 79 miles per hour have been made at the Agricultural College in Fort Collins on the Great Plains, it is quite probable that in the mountains, depending upon the altitude and exposure, these maximum gales attain at times, the frightful velocity of 100 miles per hour.

The greatest wind velocities on record in the United States, are those recorded in the files of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Washington, D. C., and are as follows:

Cape Hatteras, N. C.....	105	miles per hour.
Pikes Peak, Colo.....	112	" "
Point Reyes Light, Cal.	120	" "
Mt. Washington, N. H.	186	" "

The latter record, made on the summit of Mt. Washington, N. H. (altitude 6,290 feet), January 11, 1878, was not obtained from a self-recording apparatus, but from an anemometer exposed temporarily, and the velocity determined from the dial readings, and is considered approximately correct. Upon another occasion, January 3, 1883, and at the same station, a velocity of 180 miles was clearly recorded.

MAXIMUM GALES

HIGH on the polared rim of western peaks
The flying of light snow—
As off the house eaves it in winter sifts
Driv' by the blizzard's blow—
Gives warning to the shepherd's anxious eye,
Of gale quick to expect—
Fiercest venom of war-mad Boreas
Mustering his elect.

Soon the upper naked slopes are welt'ring
In vast swirls of the icy dust;
And first faint tremors of timber-line trees
Give witness of descending gust.
Wild now—steep-sloped, and sharp, tooth-snagged
*Meeker** writhes in the fury of the gale;
And the white shoulders of quiv'ring *Battle**
Shudder, as 'fore the blast they quail.

Come now, the first keen shrieks of agony
From the far woodland's upper ranks,
As the dread monster, scourging pack and steed,
Bursts foamed upon the deep wood's flanks.
And as the blood-curdling note of dire conflict
Sounds weird from the gnarled vet'rans of timber-
line,
The whole defiant, strong-limbed forest yells
In battle fury, and its ranks combine. *

When all his maliced fuming regiments,
Full accoutered and fierce, are thus engaged,
The bellowing Wind Lord—as one hurls bowls—
From topmost heights, darts whirls, in his mad rage,
That ever gaining speed, rend serried ranks
Of combatants, as cannon-shot mow men;
And which, gathering in their cycloned flight
Fine snow, fling it in clouds as they descend.

* Prominent peaks of the Longs Peak region.

*When these winds coincide with wet or frost
seeping ground, the trees, having less secure root-
hold in the soft soil, are uprooted in whole rows and
ranks.*

*Also the settler, being forced to maintain heavy
fires to counteract the cold being driven with terrific
suction thru every chink and crevice of his habitation,
is more or less terrorized by the danger of fire; which,
when once started, his efforts of slight avail against the
fury of the wind, destroys his cabin with frightful
ravage, forcing him to flee for his life into the howl-
ing elements outside.*

Three fearful surging wave crests, like Ocean,
Surfing madly on reef and stagg'ring shore,
Descend in constant pounding succession,
And break upon the wood with deaf'ning roar.
Vast, strangling vacuums scream and serpent hiss,
As they, in wild writhing spirals eddy,
Like whirling Dervishes; swerving off in
Weird fantastic tangent, and unsteady,
As eerie phantoms, swoon in blinding snow,
Tearing and stripping tree boughs as they go.
Aerial wind bombs, explode and burst,
As tho rending the atmosphere in fragments;
And frightful pauses hover, as tho a foe
Pushed back, poises for resistless augment.
Wind whiffs, as gut-tasseled whips that flay, crack—
Pistol-like, at the instant touch of impact.

Death embraced now, the frenzied warriors
Weave to and fro on every snow whirled slope.
The Vale, from highest wind-lashed crag to low,
Mews and sickens as the heaved armies cope.
Limbs, trunks, and vitals smoking, strew the ground,
Where Boreas' spleened legions fiercest melled;
And low drooped, the wailing forest conquered
Bends sullen 'neath the spoiler's storm-wrecked
spell.

The devoted Hut, the one lone fortress
That still defies the air careening crew,
Tho shaking vibrant in the awful mell,
Yet pours its smoke defiant thru its flue.
Inside—the forest here claims victory,
By its pitched logs flaming in deepest roar;
And its red fires, leaping forth exultant,
Seize beard of Boreas and burn him sore.

Deep in sand and gravel he digs his claws,
And it in fury flings upon the glass.
At eave and pane in vain he gasping tugs,
To ope' and scatter hut in broken mass.
But stout it wrestles sturdy, and at last
He from it headlong, daunted, doth him cast,
And turns, envenomed, once more on landscape
The enraged mouthing of his cruel blast.

Hours, sometimes days, of this nerve-racked weather,
Doth the far dweller in the mountains live.
Cramming his hottest fires with stoutest logs,
To subdue the cold arctic breaths that drive
E'en thru smallest cracks in deep weathered slab,
That close, double-lapped, hold the windward
walls.
When thru—the dread conflicting el'ments still—
He on his cot oft quite exhausted falls.

Maximum Gales! Oh, how modest the tale
To soft ears, that ne'er kenned the fearful blast.
Swirled—world-high tides, one hundred miles an
hour—
The dread winds of winter on cabin cast;
Tuned to all noises diabolical,
That tooth-grinding crazed Boreas can gnash;
And embittered Winter, fury consumed
By thoughts of Spring's nighsome 'proach, can
compass.

Sweet tho, the ineffable stillness
That steals somnolent o'er the battered land;
When once the blasting fury of the winds
Hath sunk to the soft zephyr, kissing hand.
And true it is, that they who've dared, and climbed,
And nested, pure, among these lofty heights,
Tho bearing in their souls the wounds of battle,
Yet live knowing—Oh, sweetest thought—God
requites!

THE NIGHT LOG

THE night log is on and aflame.
The one lone fire of many a mountain mile.
Star of the wilderness—Men to reconcile.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
One red fire, sparking the hours of the passing night.
Sign to other worlds of a universalite.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
The lone wolf at midnight sounds his hungry howl.
Weird from the gloomy wood hoots the hunting owl.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
Morn's angels, star crowned, have set their glittering watch.
Fast the wide wheeling constellations westward march.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name
Of them who battled dauntless with the World's disdain,
And mingle now their glory bright with Heaven's train.



One of the most interesting nature sculpturings in Estes Park is known as the Mummy. The face is visible from almost every view point in the Park, and when once fairly distinguished, the eye reverts to it with ever increasing fascination. It occupies a prominent space in the sky-line on the northwest rim of the Park, and forms a portion of Hagues Peak. A constant change of expression is to be noticed in the weird countenance as the snows begin to melt in the spring, and clouds, mists, moonshine, sunlight, and shadow, continually affect it.

THE MUMMY

BEHOLD!
The Mummy!
Inscrutable countenance!
Forever staring askance
Of relentless sky.

Calm eyed,
Benign Face!
We deem you beautiful.
Gazing, brave—steadfastful,
On eternity.

Star jew'lded,
Queenly Head!
Bridal veiled 'mong fleecy mist.
Sleeping—dream of lips you've kissed.
Dead—let them also die.

BEAUTIFUL ISLES OF SKY

I AM sitting alone
By my wild mountain home,
And my heart ever yields a sigh;
As I gaze on those clouds,
High above the world crowds.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

They are drifting today
On that far azure way;
And my dreams ever rise on high;
To those mansions so bright
In the regions of light.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

Deep the low setting sun
Turns them gold and crimson;
My thoughts turn to hopes as they ply.
Oh, fair ships of the air,
My fond fancies ye bear.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

Some sweet day I will speed
On some air-winging steed;
To this world I will say goodbye;
And float over the seas
In my Palace of Ease.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

They are drifting today
On that far azure way;
And my dreams ever rise on high;
To those mansions so bright
In the regions of light.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

THE DYING THRUSH

NEVER more thy song will gladden
Verdured dales of stream and wood.
Never more thy pipe will waken
Summer's lang'rous flow'ring mood.
Bird of Joy! My heart is breaking,
And my tears flow fast in flood.
Oh, ye drooping dying songster,
Know by these sobs, thou wert loved.

Cruel Hawk, that swooped so ruthless
From the bright and sunny sky;
Could ye've known whose throat ye throttled—
Known what lovely warbler lies,
Bleeding now, among the grasses,
On the green and mossy sward;
Ye'd have stayed thy steely talons—
Listened sweet, with rev'rent bard.

How like, Oh God, Thy fair children,
In this quick and mortal world,
Innocent, in laughing gladness,
In the arms of Death are hurled!
Dying Thrush, thy bosom softly
'Gainst my aching heart I press;
Token that there's one who loves thee—
Who thy torn form doth caress.

The Vale of Elkanah lies on the State road midway between Allens Park and Estes Park. It is surrounded by lofty mountains and has an elevation of about 9,000 feet and thru it winds the historic trail to the summit of Longs Peak. It abounds with bird and animal life, and is celebrated for its beautiful flowers and also for its magnificent cloud and atmospheric effects. It was originally settled by the Rev. E. J. Lamb and family in 1874, who established the first hotel there; and was named in honor of Mr. Lamb, bearing his first name "Elkanah," meaning "possessed or loved of God."

*



VAL ELKANAH

WEST and solitary reigns the cloud king—Longs,
As a crowned lord on high.
And east, low at his feet, the two Sisters
Bare their chaste bosoms to the sky.
Between them lies the God loved Vale,
Green, rose-scented, fair-smiling as the morn—
Filled with blooming nymphs and naiads fair,
Dancing to Pan's pipe and elfin horn.

On northern rim the virgin peak—
Lily's clustering crags—
Rise nut-brown above her mirrored lake
Fringed with waving flags.
The Cone, majestic—*savant-like*,
Most perfect of mountain piles,
Doth also rim upon the north
The Vale's fair emblossomed smiles.

Between the Cone and Longs' dread brow
Lie Battle's corse strewn slopes;
Of tree, and bush, and grasses slain—
Storm-crushed of Life's fair hopes.
Still south, our Lady Washington
Sits white amid her snows;
And Meeker, 'cross the vast East Gorge,
His wild and bleak wind blows.

Of lesser heights, Horsetooth, on Meeker's side,
Rears a mighty rock.
And The Lookout, farther on,
Beholds Wild Basin's shagg'd alp flock.
Pine Ridge, a grand green slope,
Lies next to fire-scarred Mills Moraine.
And Deer Ridge, to the far southeast,
Bounds on the North St. Vrain.

The water-gate to this beauteous realm
Southerly far swings,
Past Big Owl's mystic, pine-clad hill,
And to the deep gorge clings,
Of St. Vrain's foamed and bounding flood
Of many glacier rills—
Gorged to the choke and lashed to the froth,
'Mong the plainward hills.

Thus Val Elkanah, enthroned and crowned
Among her snowy lords,
Lists forever to the Hymn of Nature
Sung in purest chords.
An Eden of the Rockies,
She woos man's subtlest nature sense.
And decked with all her flow'ring robes,
Yields Flora's sweetest incense.

ALTITUDE

He. As when, from the heights,
Mid wastes of rock and snow,
One views among the mists
The distant Vale below;
All lovely, green, and smiling,
In the tender alpenglow:
So I view Thee,
From my solitude of years;
And yearning—reach for Thee,
In the sob of sighs and tears.

She. As when, from the depths,
A noble Peak I view,
Cloud-kissed, snow-crowned,
And bathed in a golden hue;
Fulfilling all those fair ideals
I've centered, Love, in You:
So I view Thee,
Lifting mine arms toward Thine;
And wond'ring—how long, dear Heart,
Till they with Thine entwine.

Poet. Altho 'tis not with beautiful valleys,
As it is with beautiful souls;
A-sighing and yearning for heights above
them,
The heights longing for depths below;
Yet sometimes I think, in anguish of heart,
'Tis the same with us, as the peaks we have
viewed:
The mystery of lives oft kept apart,
Is merely a difference of altitude.

The wild, joyous, sky-mounting twitter, and musical whirr-whirr of dazzling blue wing, with which the Rocky Mountain bluebird ushers in the mountain spring, is gloriously welcome to the alp dweller. Often, so rapid is its flight, that while its motion eludes the eye, yet it is distinguished by the sound of its keen whirring wings. From copse to copse, tree to tree, crag to crag, this beautiful songster flies, long before the great winter drifts are melted; and his zest of possession seems to be wholly unsatiated, until he encompasses with his twittering presence, every loved ledge, nook and spot in the lower and middle oberland. After the nesting and brooding season is passed, and the young brood is strong of wing, whole families of them flock together in joyous autumn flight, often accompanying the pedestrian or other road traveler for long distances, as tho delighting in his company; and they linger long, until finally driven out by the keen blasts of winter.

WILD ALP WIND ROARING UP ALOFT AND WHIRR OF BLUEBIRD'S WING

THE wind with wild exultant gusts and shrieks
Leaps into the Vale from among the peaks.
And eager now he is, to slay the snow,
As he in winter was, it wide to blow.
With shredding tooth and tusk into the drifts
He bites his way; and each sunbeam shifts,
As a blow-pipe of golden ray to smelt,
The frozen fleece to aqua's melt;
Which everywhere in tiny rills seeks
To find its way and run into the creeks.

Exultant then,
Wild alp wind roaring up aloft
And whirr of bluebird's wing
Proclaim the passing of the snow,
And the coming reign of Spring.

The greens of grass now appear and merge
Their bright blades with the shining waters surge.
And the tender shoots of wind-stirring pine
Into the balmy air and sun incline.
The buttercup and bee sweet alyssum
First peep—then the silken pasque flower comes.
The catkins of the canaried willow,
Fluff and tassel, as they fat plumpy grow.
The sparkling blue of beaver ponds 'flect sky;
Their dams are fringed with white violets shy.

Exultant then,
Wild alp wind roaring up aloft
And whirr of bluebird's wing
Proclaim the passing of the snow,
And the coming reign of Spring.

The peaks no longer blanch in drifting snow,
But iced, transcendent glitter and bestow
Their sun-glint glances on the vales below,
And bid the alpine herbs take root and grow.
When the first warm slants of sun-steaming rain
Douche the brown, seed-sown mountain lands again,
A myriad of elfin things appear,
That later, as the mounting sun draws near,
Will bud and burst in flower blossoms rare,
And all the summer deck the meadows fair.

Exultant then,
Wild alp wind roaring up aloft
And whirr of bluebird's wing
Proclaim the passing of the snow,
And the coming reign of Spring.



THE MOUNTAIN NIGHT

DEEP!
In the vast canopy of Night
Fade the peaks.

Perched!
As birds of Titan might
With breast hid beaks.

Mighty Mother!
All embracing One
Of Sleep's delight;
With tender eyes soft glowing—
Embered coals of light:
Let me sink too
In slumber sweet
On thy gentle breast;
And silent droop as these far heights,
In dreamless rest.

Mr. Chapin, in 1887, speaks of the great flat-topped mountain, across which leads the trail between Estes and Middle Parks, as Table Mountain; but it has, in more recent years, been familiarly known by the very appropriate cognomen of *Flat Top*, altitude (estimated) 12,400. There is probably, and aside from its great importance as an absolutely commanding mountain pass, no more interesting alp in the Rockies than this peerless mountain; which resembles nothing so much as a gigantic, flat roofed, architectural pile, buttressed with enormous connecting bastions and wings of solid masonry. The tundra verdured, rock strewn, and comparatively level summit of this alpine Leviathan, is many miles in area; and one can actually spend days in the examination of its various connections with the four great ranges mentioned in the poem, to say nothing of noting that myriad animate life which swarms its dizzy walls and cañons. Such localities as the charming lake region of Fern and Odessa; Andrews and Tyndall glaciers; Bierstadt and Bear Lakes; and the Big Meadow, and North Inlet regions on the Western Slope, are all mere details in the vast ramifications of *Flat Top*. On the West slope, one enters timber-line immediately among some of the largest and finest spruces in the Rockies; while on the East slope, are miles of the most dwarfed, gnarled, and storm battered timber-line growth imaginable; affording a contrast most striking and suggestive.

The marvel of such alpine wilds as *Flat Top*, is greatly accentuated, when one realizes, from a botanical standpoint, that the zone of vegetation—which is affected by altitude as well as latitude—six to fourteen degrees of latitude corresponding to two thousand feet of altitude—which one traverses in crossing its summit, is the sub-arctic; corresponding with that of northern Labrador, Iceland, and the Arctic Circle. The zone of vegetation on our highest peaks, such as Longs, Meeker, and Hagues, is the arctic, corresponding with that of Cape Parry in Greenland, Baffin Bay, and the isles of the Polar Sea north of Alaska.

FLAT TOP

FLAT TOP!

High plateau of rendezvous
For mighty peaks and ranges sheer:
The massive Continentals,
And jagged, snow-tipped Rabbit Ear;
The curving Medicine Bow,
And mystic Mummy, vague and weird;
All, on this wide spreading alp
Converge, and high assemble here.

Great Pass!

No alp in all the Snow Range
Enjoys such royal sov'reignty.
Thou art an Emperor great,
To whom snow-crowned kings yield fealty.
Demanding toll of each foot
That would safe cross from peak to peak,
Or would pass from Park to Park,
Across the Great Divide's swart beak.

Vast Burg!

Tundra-roofed, torrent-guttered,
And broad eaved with eternal snow;
Which melting, feeds deep cisterns,
Rock-scooped in dizzy depths below.
Porticoed on the West Slope,
With pillared spruce in columns deep.
And on the East, with filigree
Of dwarfed pinelings on wind swept steep.

YON PEAK

IT is only a glimpse
That I ask of yon Peak,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
To know that from it
The dear Father doth speak—
The glorious God I adore.

I behold Him so fair
In the rose blush of morn,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
Of His joy beaming day
On the mountain just born,
And bound for that far Western shore.

I behold Him so pure
In the depths of the sky,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
As it azures the world
And the heavens so high—
Oh, Holy is He evermore!

I behold Him so vast
In His shadow of night,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
As it darkens the brow
Of the mountain so white,
And mantles the valley high o'er.

I behold Him so bright
In the beam of the stars,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
As they glitter and wheel
Their swift night-coursing cars,
And His grace I humbly implore.

So remove me not hence
From the sight of yon Peak,
That I see from my ain cottage door;
For when Life's sands are low run
To it I shall speak,
And toward it my spirit shall soar.

MOUNTAIN BERRIES

ON the steep and dusty road,
As I drove up to the Peak,
I met a red-cheeked maiden, in whose
hands were
Mountain berries, rare and sweet.
As she raised her eyes to mine,
With a glance that seemed divine,
She coy proffered me the fruit,
Tho' her scarlet lips kept mute.
Proffered me, even me, the lone stage driver,
As I drove up to the Peak;
Proffered berries, mountain berries, rare and
sweet.

How they lingered in my mouth,
As her smile did in my soul;
Each berry rare, that had nestled in her hand
And enjoyed its velvet fold.
And she won my heart that day,
Won it quite from me away;
Won it surely and complete,
That it almost ceased to beat.
E'en for me, even me, the lone stage driver,
As I drove up to the Peak;
Won with berries, mountain berries, rare and
sweet.

And they said her name was Ruth—
Ruth, the faithful, lovely Ruth,
Named for the sweetest woman of the Bible—
Ruth, the gleaner, tender Ruth.
And how now it thrills my soul,
As when past that spot I roll,
To know that she, even she,
Had there gleaned the fields for me.
E'en for me, even me, the lone stage driver,
As I drove up to the Peak;
Gleaned red berries, mountain berries, rare and
sweet.

'An evening effect to be observed in the Vale of Elkanah, is the shining of the sun on Lily Mountain long after it has set in the Vale itself.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON LILY'S MOUNT

THE sun shines bright on Lily's mount
Where soft my fancy dwells.
I vow I'll climb her gentle slopes
Among the wild bluebells.

Her feet are hid in forest green
Where springs the columbine.
Her robes are made of shining mists
Which soft her form entwine.

She kneels before a mirrored pool
And combs her golden hair;
While all her rosy breast is filled
With clust'ring lilies fair.

Ah me! Sweet wood nymph, how I sigh,
To nestle in thine arms.
I'd lay me down to sleep among
Thy soft sequestered charms.

I'd fold about me as a robe
Thy golden tresses fair.
I'd woo thine every dimpling blush
And 'joy thy charms most rare.

The sun shines bright on Lily's mount
Where soft my fancy dwells.
I vow I'll climb her gentle slopes
Among the wild bluebells.

Three beautiful species of trout, rainbow, eastern brook, and native, the two former being importations, the first a native of Alaskan, Californian, and Pacific waters, and the second from New England, inhabit and thrive in the mountain waters of Northern Colorado. The rainbow haunt the lower cañons, the natives the uppermost and coldest waters issuing from the glaciers, and the zone between is occupied by the eastern brook.

SONG OF THE TROUT

MY song to the world is *motion*—
The sheen of my body light;
Its exquisite colors flashing,
Thru clear waters sparkling bright.
In the sun's effulgent glory
I take my watery flight,
O'er the shining sands of mountains
Set in pebbles crystallite.
I leap and bound ecstatic
In the sluicing torrent's foam;
I glide and lurk prismatic
In my turquoised lakelet home.

I flash in glint impulsion
My flexed form of rosy pearl.
I gleam the Hymn of Ocean
In the riffles' fleecy whirl.
Beneath the willow catkins,
And the dogwood's honeyed bud,
I dart the waving shadows,
And swift fleet the shallows' scud.
I chant a sacred paean
Of holiest devotion;
With dolphinéd form and beauty,
Voiced in seraphic motion.

A phenomenon peculiar to the Vale of Elkanah has been named by the inhabitants, the Peak Bird; a remarkable cloud formation, which with head pointed towards Longs Peak and body poised over the Vale itself, and with wide spreading pinions covering miles of sky north and south and beautifully feathered with cumulo-stratus, resembles nothing so much as a gigantic fowl. At times it is headless and the body is merged into its wings, but often the complete birdlike formation is easily distinguished. Another feature of this interesting phenomenon is its marvelous coloring, being gorgeously hued at times with rose, lavender, and orange, the sun often forming a portion of the head, and when close to the rim of the cloud, radiating the prismatic colors thru its delicate tissues.

THE PEAK BIRD

MYSTIC fowl! Gigantic—vast and weird
shape!

Yet airy formed of light and floating cloud.
Hovering, as the fabled Roc of old,
Billowing leagues of mountain to o'ershroud.

In early dawn, thy mighty mistlike wings
Rise dim and vasty from the vapored night.
And lofty soaring the star lamped world vault,
Greet, morn-bedewed, the Sun-god's golden light.

All day thy eidered bosom rides the sky.
Tranquil swimming turquoise seas of ether.
Below, the Continental ranges high
Lie veiled beneath thy luminous shadow.

You're brooding there, this afternoon, great Auk,
Of Nature's creation, what mystery?
To descend with the setting sun and hatch,
By night, what wondrous egg of alchemy?

THE WILD WHITE WILDERNESS

WHITE, funereal, spreads the winter night,
Under the pale moon's beam.
The pines, ghostly hooded with snows so white,
Nod in the silent bream.
Dark, unearthly—weird shadows shroud the sight;
And stars do coldly gleam
Their diamond sparks on frost-helmed, ice-mailed
heights
Stern wardering the scene.

'Twould seem that a soul born of holiness,
On wing to Paradise,
Were soft crossing the wild white wilderness,
To mount the silent skies.



I KNOW A PLACE

I KNOW a place where fairies throng,
In a sylvan, verdured grove;
Where thrushes pipe their vesper song,
And elves and wood nymphs rove.

I know a place where orchids grow,
And ferns most delicate and rare;
Where the wildest winds that ever blow
Ne'er reach this bosky dell so fair.

I know a place where a little fawn
Is hid by its mother deer;
And too, where speckled beauties spawn,
In a lakelet bright and clear.

I know a place where a boulder rests,
That conceals an ousel's nest;
And where a spruce so boroughed and tall,
One there a home could neat install.

Yet of all the spots that I love best—
Of purest thoughts and sweetest rest,
It is my own unworthy soul,
Where Christ shines in His aureole.

Few peaks of Northern Colorado are more inspiring than those of the Twin Sisters, which form the eastern rim of Elkanah Valley, and occupy a prominent central position immediately to the west of Longmont, Berthoud, and Loveland.

THE TWIN SISTERS

FROM Longmont's green alfalfa plains
 To Loveland's fields of rye,
 A noble mountain rears its crest,
 And fills the western sky.

Twin peaks of brown their heads upraise
 Into a sky serene.

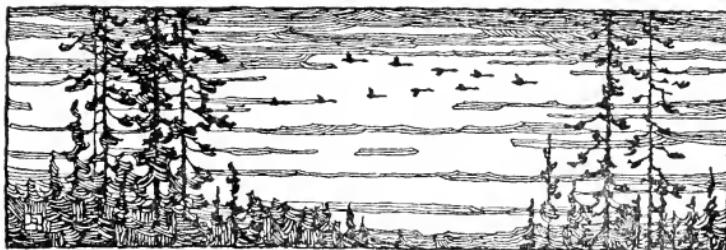
Between—a handsome saddle rests
 On heights of shining green.

A plowman named these noble peaks,
 As from the valley's depths
 He stayed his steaming steeds anon,
 And gazed up to the heights.
 "Oh sweet repose," he sighed as oft
 As from his toil he rested;
 And gazed upon those summits grand,
 Which seemed heav'ly invested.

And ever and afar it spread,
 This plowman's inspiration.
 "Oh sweet repose," the valleys cried—
 Whole cities sang the anthem.
 "Oh sweet repose," the maidens sing,
 As up this mount they clamber;
 Toward that gold and gleaming West
 In which their fancy wanders.

"Oh sweet repose," the mother sighs,
 And soft her babe caresses;
 As into the rest and into the West,
 The Twin Sisters sink their tresses.
 "Oh sweet repose," cries all the soul,
 As full weary of its labors,
 It passes life—all, and letting it fall,
 Sinks soft in the tender shadows.

The wild goose of North America, in its spring and fall migrations, often feeds enroute, in the scores of reservoirs and lakes in the Great Plains region immediately adjacent to the foothills of the Rockies and eastward. Occasionally, however, a flock of these magnificent voyagers can be seen by the mountaineer, flying directly parallel with the Main Range at altitudes of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet.



THE WINGED REGIMENT

DIM discerned,
Thru the March eve's vap'rous dusk
Flies the wingèd regiment forward.
Led by the great gander in plumèd busk,
The troop in glory rushes northward.

Devoted flock—
Swift winging thus, thy Maker glorify.
Piercing, arrow-like,
In living point, the northern sky.
Fly ye on,
Exultant *honking* brood, to arctic tides!
And we below—
Viewing awesomely thy pinioned might—
Are first inspired
By the grandeur of the glorious sight,
Then sunk in deepest prayer
To Him who guides thy flight.

THE CABIN

STOUT little roof and hearth of stone,
Resisting firm the winter storm;
Built of good logs from spruce-clad hills,
Floored with tough plank from brookside mills.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone,
Example true of sweetest home;
E'en tho it be but nest of mouse,
More freedom far than royal house.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone.
Many a strange guest here hath roamed—
Ye've sheltered snug and comfort warmed,
And sped away with pleasure charmed.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone,
I love ye best when we're alone,
Save for the angels who visit us,
Praising our Lord—His holiness.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone—
Not that we're selfish here alone,
But when so, the whole world is here—
Spirits, past—present, with their cheer.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone,
Stand long here after I am gone.
Stand for the truths we have confessed;
Stand for our God and Gospel blessed.

UP! UP—INTO THE BLUE

BELOW the clouds we stand, my Love and I,
High on the mountain's side, yet far to go;
To still attain the Great Peak's summit high,
That stands to us as Life's uncertain goal.

Up! Up—into the blue,
Dear Heart, with You.
Courage now, and forward true;
And towards the snowy peak, and God—
Our quest pursue.

Among the clouds we grope, my Love and I,
Lost—'mong the mists that thick our way bestrew.
No light, save our deathless trust, dear Lord, in You.
Blind, we foot the steep way and onward hew.

Up! Up—into the blue,
Dear Heart, with You.
Falter not, nor fear the view.
And towards the snowy peak, and God—
Our quest pursue.

Above the clouds we stand, my Love and I,
On the Great Peak's perilous summit we;
Prone—full spent with toil on the weary way,
Yet illumed—absolved, we kneel, adoring Thee.

Up! Up—into the blue,
Dear Lord, to You.
Forsake us not, and renew
Ever our faith in Thee, our God—
We humbly sue.

In summer and early autumn, there are many afternoons in the Vale of Elkanah, in which glorious masses of cumuli drift in constant succession—like ships on the sea—from the Snowy Range, across the Vale to the Twin Sisters, and on to the Great Plains. At sunset, the revel of color playing upon them is magnificent.



THE FLEECES

THE fleeces are crossing the Vale today,
Passing the range in white array.
Beautiful ships of sky are they,
Breasting the blue in serenity.

And I fancy the same of you, dear friend,
Who, like these beautiful ships of sky,
Have been wafted into my vale of life,
And your loveliness fair I glorify.

Warm red of your heart you have given me;
Snowy white of your soul you have brought.
And sweet reigns the spell of your purity,
In fragrant memory, action, and thought.

And whenever the fleeces are crossing,
As they will when you're far away,
I'll waft my love in their bosom,
Friend, to you, on that beautiful day.

Perhaps the most active builder in the middle oberland is the American beaver, *Castor canadensis*, who has long enjoyed the protection of the State. In Horseshoe, Moraine, and Bartholf Parks, Meeker Basin, Grand Lake, and other points, considerable colonies have long been established; and their workings, ancient and present, are very much in evidence on most of the snow brooks issuing from the glaciers. The usual aspect of a settlement is a series of ponds, formed by dams made of brush, small sticks, and the logs of aspen—felled by the sharp incisors of the beaver themselves—which these interesting workers erect at chosen points, successfully retarding the swift course of the stream to a sluggish flow sufficient to permit manipulation at the will of the worker. The ponds thus dammed and formed, are usually connected by the workers with a system of canals and waterways, allowing free water passage to all points, often penetrating to a considerable degree the bottom of a declivity or gully, which are used for the floating and rafting of those logs, which the animals have cut on the near hillside either for dam or food purposes, the latter consisting mostly of the bark of the aspen and willow. At the strategic point in their ponds, they erect log and mud houses with subaqueous entrances, which by reason of their being surrounded by water in the summer time and incased in ice in winter, protect them from predatory beasts. Both Miss Bird and Mr. Chapin, in their respective books, make considerable mention of beaver; and "Mountain Jim" Nugent trapped them in considerable numbers. Tradition indicates the presence of ancient trappers attracted to these parts by the beaver, and long before the times of the miners, when fur was the coveted spoil of the Western wilderness.

THE BEAVER

IN Winter's thrall, the ice-bound
And ponded beaver,
In hut of mud and sticks
Framed by his deft weaver,
Sleeps, seal-like, upon his shelf
Smoothly worn and low;
Or hungered, flops in his
'Neath hut pool of water,
And ent'ring canal of
Outer pond, seeks fodder:
Bark—stript from his stores
Of aspen poles and willow.
And if green soft succulence
He craves, and fresher,
He scours bottom of the pond
For roots and osier.
While, blue-arched, above his
Little world of water,
Vaults gleamed crystal span
Of ice—most noble harbor;
Which, in the outer world,
Forms white floor of winter;
Tread by howling coyote, wolf,
And ravened cougar;
Whose blood lust eyes, fierce
On devoted hut doth hunger;
Raging at the thought, that few
Feet or so, just under,
Their coveted prey, safe from cruel
Slaughter, soft slumbers.

By the bright sun, thru the
Icy roof impelling
Rays of purest gold;
By swift waters swelling,

The wise water-worker,
 Castored beaver, peeping,
Knows that Winter's reign is past,
 And Spring is bringing
Wealth of flashing waters bright,
 And flood impending;
Which means to him labors fast
 Of hut and dam mending.
With shiv'ring crash, the pond ice
 Roof falls, and floating,
Sinks beneath the sun,
 To sparkling aqua melting.
Released, the Castors, alert
 For foe close lurking,
By night and day labor;
 And the swift stream wending,
Is safe harnessed sure,
 To the mere point of tending.
And presently the mother
 Beaver, glad bearing,
Shows to her mate sleek pups;
 Who, keen water sporting,
Splash and tumble tiny pond
 In wavelets flashing;
And sedged canals and waterways,
 With gay dashing.

Deep with greens of pregnant June
 The dams are verdured.
The shining rippling ponds,
 Of pure snow-melts filtered,
Brim, sapphire-sparkling, their
 Grassy rims, flower lipped;
As bright nectar flowing
 Cups of Oceanus,
Proff'ed to his uncle,
 Purple arching Uranus.

Tall spruce and slender pines
 Their reflections incline
Into these green edged mirrors,
 Set in gold sunshine;
And summer moons, shimmering
 In molten silver,
Flood the breezed soft-lapping
 Pools in nocturne quiver.
While the star-coals,
 Glowing in the ashes of Night,
Gleam—fire eyed, into these
 Cisterns, with ruddy light.
And sweet—thru the 'luptuous
 Season—germ, birth, growth—
The shy Castor's islèd
 Castle and flooded moat
Resound with glad songs
 Of nesting and brooding bird;
And oft the brimming ponds
 With flashing fins are stirred.

Red mapling autumn at last
 Appears, to quicken
Sun-langored Castor, to cut his
 Crop of aspen;
And mid the blood-tingling
 Frosts of night, he hastens,
Steel-keened incisors
 And levered jaw to fasten,
'Gainst trembling trunk and stem,
 In squat muscling action;
And quick felled to earth they are,
 In toppling fashion.
Bough trimmed next—then severed
 In short lengths for rafting.

Then, with every outlying
Guard in quick suspense,
Food hoarding Castor, with
True water-level sense,
Drags his timber to the nigh
Canal or main stream,
And rafts, water hid himself,
By bright moon-beam,
To yon isled castle in
The waters of his pool;
There to pile his storehouse
With bark of aspen full.
Now come the first faint quaverings
Of Winter's fleecy snow;
The ice forms, and wise Castor
Gloats within his hut below.



UNDER THE SNOWS

UNDER the snows Val Elkanah soft lies—
Under the arch of the silent skies.
White is her bosom—closed are her eyes.
She sleeps on her couch as a northern queen,
Breathing the balsæ of the spruces green.

Oh, soften thy murmur, ye ice fringed stream.
Ye birds of the forest, intrude not her dream.
Oh, winds of the winter, blow softly and low,
For fair Val Elkanah sleeps under the snow.

From above peer the mountains blear and bleak,
Thru the deep passes from peak to peak:
Sentinels stern, that move not nor speak;
Guarding the loved One in slumber below,
Kissed by the lips of the alpenglow.

Ye rude bold tempest, be still on the height.
Ye far world, enter not in her sight.
For fair Val Elkanah, clad in white—
Under the high stars and suns of the night—
Sleeps beneath the dim beams of their light.

How can ye ask me, to leave one so fair—
She in her beauty sleeping there,
Apart from the world—its pain and care!
Ne'er will I leave her, so pure and sweet.
Together, we'll the bright springtime greet.

Oh, soften thy murmur, ye ice fringed stream.
Ye birds of the forest, intrude not her dream.
Oh, winds of the winter, blow softly and low,
For fair Val Elkanah sleeps under the snow.

The white-tailed ptarmigan, like the botany of the upper heights of the Front Range of the Rockies, suggests the far north of arctic wilds. It is the southern-most representative of a bird family whose members furnished sport for Lord Dufferin's yacht crew on the Isle of Spitzbergen, and whose proud cock in distant Labrador inspired Audubon to one of his finest bird paintings. Their plumage changes with the seasons and in winter is pure white. Protected by law, they inhabit the rock slopes above timber-line in considerable numbers, feeding upon the buds of the alpine willows and birches. In winters of unusual snow-fall, which completely cover their usual feeding grounds, they are forced to the lower valleys to feed in the willow, birch, and alder copses.

WINTER FLIGHT OF PTARMIGAN

WILDEST—most exquisite sight,
 Seen in these alpine lands,
 Is the flight of ptarmigan
O'er Winter's snow-grained sands.
Startled—they rise in spectral flight
 From the valley floor;
And with wild cries wing ghostly
 The icy meadows o'er.
Wheeling, curving pinions spotless,
 In descending night—
Dim seen in the pall of blinding
 Snows, they speed their flight,
Toward the gashed, gorge-rent, gale-swept
 Summits of pallored peaks,
Which yet the winter sun enfeebled,
 Mantles with pale rose streaks.

Oh, wondrous, snow plumèd fowl
 Of far, drear alpine height;
Thy flight suggests the winging
 Of holy angels bright.
Seeming a brood so unearthly,
 Alabaster white;
As if pure seraphic spirits,
 Speeding infinite
O'er arctic ice-gleaming wastes
 'Tween earth and heaven laid,
Had, from the gold paved, spiraled
 Holy Way, swift flight made,
To meet One, who, divinely favored,
 Had brought his dead—
Changed from cold clay into living
 Dove-like form instead—
And from the utmost seas, in
 His bosom soft carried
The exquisite shape; and amid this
 Desolation dread,
Had met like wingèd shapes of
 Innocence from Edened calms,
And loosed his dead, to fly
 With them to heavenly realms.

ASPEN DAYS ARE DAYS OF GOLD

A SPEN days are days of gold,
Whisp'ring to lovers—"Sweet enfold;"
As all the brown crags,
And all the green groves,
And all the far hills
Their shining bright tresses gild.
And the heart beats blissful,
As tho its love
Embraced it close,
And all its tender longing filled.

Aspen days are autumn days
Of cobwebbed skies,
And sun-warmed, balsam
Scented, nooks and glades;
The heart, in Indian summer
Warmth, revives;
And love embraces love,
In gold leafed shades.

As if approving Summer's
Last fond love,
The birch in reddest scarlet
Crowns the heights above;
And sighing, love-panting,
Soft, odorous breeze of South
Imparts to everything of kiss
Its rosy mouth.

Aspen days are days of gold,
Whisp'ring to lovers—"Sweet enfold;"
As all the brown crags,
And all the green groves,
And all the far hills
Their shining bright tresses gild.
And the heart beats blissful,
As tho its love
Embraced it close,
And all its tender longing filled.

VIRGIN PEAKS

YE!
Milk-white breasts of Virgin Peaks,
Pink teated—swelling—
With fragrant, warm, intoxicant
Purple hollows 'tween dwelling!

Ye!
Vast Alpine Maids! Molten sired
By the red fires of love clutched elements;
Lying, ripened, lily bulbed—recumbent—
In chastity sweet florulent!

Who?
'Mong the starred youth of the orb isled
Streams of Night dispersed,
Shall lead ye, mist veiled,
To the marriage bed of Universe?



Cow-bell Hill, at the foot of which nestles the little hamlet of Allenspark, is one of the most romantic spots in the Rockies of Northern Colorado, and from its summit is to be observed one of the most glorious panoramas of the region. The Snowy Range, Wild Basin, Meeker Basin, the Vale of Elkanah, and the upper gorges of the North St. Vrain and its various tributaries, are here seen in magnificent ensemble.

THE MAID O' COW-BELL HILL

THERE is a spot near Allens Park,
A rugged, wind-swept hill:
I ne'er can pass its grassy slopes
Without a poignant thrill.
A pine wood, once most beautiful,
Swept from its base to top;
But fierce and wind-fanned forest fires
Felled charred its virgin crop.
Since then a native grass has claimed
Its wide and open green;
And cattle from the village there
Feed daily on the scene.
And because of distant cow-bells
In evening clear and still,
Softly tinkling from the hillside,
People call it Cow-bell Hill.

And the stars they twinkle-twinkle,
O'er the mountains, glen, and stream.
And the bells they *tinkle-tinkle*,
As the cows graze on the green.
And as the notes waft to me,
In the evening clear and still,
I'm dreaming of the maiden
That I met on Cow-bell Hill.

One day to glance the landscape o'er—
Its view is famous far—
From lights of fair Elkanah's Vale
To Green Mountain's fire scar—
I sat me down upon a ledge
Beneath a cloudless sky,
And drank Wild Basin's beauty in
And Meeker's vastness high.
A west wind, soft as woman's touch,
Pressed light my sweatened brow,
And perfume of the heather sweet
Swept upward to me now.

And—did I dream? It seemed not that;
It was so true and real:
A vision of a maiden fair
Did sudden now reveal.

I had oft wished for woman's love,
The perfect of my dream,
But years of 'quiteless longing had
Subdued my youthful theme.
So courteous only I arose
And gave a friendly bow,
And asked her if the view also
Had led her to the high hill's brow.
She answered not a word to me,
But stood with downcast eyes:
A being most transcendent like,
Not heeding my surprise.
Amazed, my thoughts in wonder flashed,
Be she mortal maid or saint!
And as I stood there wondering,
She ceased thus her restraint.

"In that fair land of spirit ken
And known as Paradise,
I too, have dreamed of love, as you,
And thus traversed the skies.
You've heard, I deem, the truth of life,
That heav'nly love is this:
Bright angels are not one—but *two*,
Joined thus in perfect bliss.
No one in all this world for me,
But you, whom I adore.
So give not up your thoughts of love,
But seek me more and more.
I'm waiting 'mong that wingèd throng
For you, and you alone.
So falter not nor cease your thoughts
Of me in that sweet home."

I reeled! My thoughts came thick and fast;
My heart beat as a boy.
I strived to know this wondrous thing
That made me mad with joy.
I could not speak nor voice a word;
My senses left me quite.
I feared to make a sound or note
Lest she should rise in flight.
At last I felt the speech of thought,
And gazed into her eyes,
The clutch of that lost love of mine
The years had held in ties.
With outstretched arms I staggered forth,
Thus heaven 'lowed me clasp—
And for one moment's perfect joy
I held her in my grasp.

Oh, wondrous are the mysteries
Of solitary lives.
We see them come and go withal,
But do not know their skies.
A silent love burns brightly, and
We may not see its flame;
But oft within the hidden heart
It's burning just the same.
Tho mortal faith is weak and frail—
A vision's light as air—
Yet the call of that fair maiden
I ne'er but will declare.
She loves me, and she's waiting there—
Beyond the starry skies.
And when my spirit flies from hence
We'll meet in Paradise.

And the stars they twinkle-twinkle,
O'er the mountains, glen, and stream.
And the bells they *tinkle-tinkle*,
As the cows graze on the green.
And as the notes waft to me,
In the evening clear and still,
I'm dreaming of the maiden
That I met on Cow-bell Hill.

PURPLES

EMERGING from the forest dark,
With night-log of resinous pine,
I beheld a marvel—
Beautiful—divine.

'Twas deep evening, and by the
Alpenglow I had cut the pine,
As the West glowed golden
In the Sun's decline.

The winter snows lay deep, and all
The Vale in marble chastity
Was draped by Nature's
Frost-cryst'ling alchemy.

I looked—and on the crusted snow
Cast my log with sharp wonder cry,
Gazing worshipful
Upon the eastern sky.

The great east Mountain of our God-loved Vale
Smoked in shim'ring purples,
The nuptial bed drape
Of empassioned couples.

Not more glorious was pearl-eyed
Venus, panting in the throes of love,
Than this tow'ring Mountain,
Quivering above.

I saw the Groom—transcendent Star,
Pressing on the Mountain's heaving breast
His orbed kiss, flaming
In glances rubiest.

Like search-light beams, the Groom, mid the
Canopied purples, flashed fire eyes;
Then rose at last—in flame—
From the Mountain's sighs.

They embraced there—the Mountain and
The Star, in Hymen's sweetest swoon;
Then deep hid from view,
By veil of 'proaching Moon.

I waited till the Queen of Night
Had cleared the east rim of the Vale,
And by her light, shouldered log,
And sought the trail.



THERE IS NO BORDER TO THE WEST

THREE is no border to the West.
That's why I love it best.
It travels with the setting sun,
On Freedom's high wave crest.

It has no pampered royalty
To check the flow of liberty;
But warmest hospitality,
To purge the soul of tyranny.

All kings will fade. Republics rule
The coming years of Hist'ry's school.
Like the air of our golden West,
All men in liberty breathe best.

There is no border to the West.
That's why I love it best.
It travels with the setting sun,
On Freedom's high wave crest.

The Vale of Elkanah is famous for its many wonderful cloud and atmospheric effects, but none are more remarkable than the beautiful alpenglows of autumn and early winter. For many moments, in some instances, after the sun has gone down, orange and rose radiances so glow from the western sky, as to tinge and communicate their colors to the first snows of winter.

THE ALPENGLOW

THE alpenglow is the parting glance
Of a perfect, cloudless day.
Cast as a dying maiden's gaze
Falls on her lover unearthly bright,
As her soul takes wing on the heavenly way,
And leaves him alone in the deepening night,
To murmur her name and pray—and pray.

Suffusing the burnished peaks of glacier
And boss of gleaming snow—
Submerging the topmost crags and heights,
It holds the mountains in its fold;
Sifting and rippling its pink blushing tender glow,
Thru the deep wind-hollowed passes drear and old,
And down to the Vale below—below.

And it lights my soul as it shines from the skies,
And mantling the peaks,
Pours into the Vale its deathless glance,
Filling my sight with vistas fair;
Pressing its rose blush to my uplifted cheeks,
And lifting mine eyes to those sweet visions rare,
That my thought ever seeks—ever seeks.

In the vernacular of the Rockies, the quaking asps or aspens, are known as Quakers.

THE QUAKER'S BONNY BONNETS

THE drear sight I saw this morning, dear,
'Deed, it sorter made me sad.
Altho I s'pose the winter time
Has right much to make us glad.
Yet the frost is keen and biting
To the greens of summer, dear;
And to me there's something mournful
In the autumn of the year.
Now these Quakers, you remember,
In the springtime's rosy cheer;
How they leaved so green, divinely,
On the sunny hill right here.
How in glee they shook in summer
And soft rustled in the breeze.
And now it nearly breaks my heart
That I must part with these.

Oh, the Quaker's bonny bonnets
Are a-turning on the hill.
Their leaves are silent falling
In the ripples of the rill.
The frost has nipped their dainty heads.
They're silent now and still.
Oh, can't ye cuddle closer, love,
To drive away the chill!

But there's hope, I guess, in falling leaves,
As in other things that die,
Just as there is resurrection
In the things we crucify.
So we'll watch the dead leaves falling
As the winter wind blows cold.
We will see their yellow tresses
Sink to Mother Earth and mould.
We will see the trees stript naked
Of their bright green summer dress.
And watch the drifting snow enfold
Their poor shivering distress.

But bright we'll keep the winter fires
Till the springtime comes again;
And then we'll see the Quakers, love,
Leaf in the warm spring rain.

Oh, the Quaker's bonny bonnets
Are a-turning on the hill.
Their leaves are silent falling
In the ripples of the rill.
The frost has nipped their dainty heads.
They're silent now and still.
Oh, can't ye cuddle closer, love,
To drive away the chill!

SOME HOLY DAY

THE slender crescent of the maiden Moon
Gleams soft o'er our sacred Peak;
And lustrous Venus Aphrodite, bright
Conjunctive glows, at her shining feet.
Close west-horizoned, shines a rosy alpenglow,
Which with cupid clouds is wreathed;
And I—adoring, stand expectant, suppliant—
Bright angels fair to meet.

I feel, I know, I shall—some Holy Day,
As these peerless planets repeat,
With God-like grace, this glorious scene,
Fade—and with them sink, in azure sweet.

All that peerless wilderness of snowy alp and shaggy wood on the headwaters of the North St. Vrain west of Copeland Lake, on the State road between Allens and Estes Parks, has long been known as Wild Basin. It is a magnificently watered and wooded country, slightly touched, many years ago, by fire on the north rim. The Continental Divide forms a solid rampart on the west; the Longs Peak spur range rims the north, and the Mt. Caroline ridge, extending south-easterly from Mt. Cooper on the Front Range, rims it on the south. Altho visited and explored more or less by numerous parties in recent years, and often prospected by miners, it was never accurately mapped nor its minor peaks named, until Messrs. Cooper and Babcock accomplished the task in 1908-09; and its upper heights still offer unexplored fastnesses to the daring.

WILD BASIN

WILD BASIN!

Torrent roaring gorge of June!

The gathered snows of winter

Melt—froth descending—

In seaward swoon.

High the river, swelling,

With the loosed mad snows impelling,

Rears its crest, flood fills

Its banks, and sets the land atune.

Wild Basin!

Snow frescoed corridor!

The orb studded dome of Night

Its snow bastioned heights

High arching o'er:

Reflecting her red lamps

In its emerald rippling tarns;

And sifting soft moon-beams

O'er its green, moss-cushioned floor.

Wild Basin!

Deep—squirrel haunted wood!

Spruce columned—and balsamed sweet;

Green aspen edged, pined,

And brown willowed.

Dogwood twined—fruited red,

With rasp and strawberry's ripe heads;

Clematised—junipered;

And, nigh snow, dwarfed pines soft brood.

Wild Basin!

Bird flitting realm of song!

Joy chorused, myriad winged;

Full throated, piping,

Melodious throng.

Ousel—songed water-fowl;

Humming-birds, with swift whirring wings;

Solitaires, and other

Songsters, sing the woods among.

Wild Basin!

Sweet scented land of green!

Alpine gardened, next the snow,

With marsh marigold.

And next the stream,

With primroses red, blue

Mertensia, and adder's tongue;

And banked with laurel pink,

And rare orchids, oft unseen.

Wild Basin!

Land of trout teeming pools!

A full thousand white cascades,

Coursing forest glades

In leafy cools;

Shining with specked beauties,

Which—finning foamed, bud-kissed riffles—

Tempting lurk 'neath deep banks,

Slow snuffling sun-gleamed globules.

Wild Basin!

Cragged abyss of azure!

Cloud fleeced, with rainbows arching

Sunlit waterfalls

And fountains pure.

Distant storms, echoing

Their thunders, and lightnings flashing.

Hail, rain—tempests lashing;

Then sun-glints from skies unobscured.

Wild Basin!

Protean Enchantress!

Dissolved to tears—flushed—angered;

Then gay smiling bright

In tenderness.

Piqued—withdrawing her smiles,

Yet ever beautiful;

Then revealing, ne'er shamed,

All her charms in wantonness.

Wild Basin!
Bowed in autumnal hush!
Streams low murmuring and shrunk
To gold sanded rills;
And founts cease gush.
Winds low wailing. Deep woods
Whisp'ring—sore dreading coming snows.
Crimsoned sunsets flicker,
And ling'ring birds swift southward rush.

Wild Basin!
Gleamed in desolate snows!
From ice stilled streams to peak tips;
And forest, snow-drooped
In silent rows.
Moons, ghostly and mist-veiled,
Peer monthly at the deep'ning drifts.
Suns, feeble, rise and set;
And the wild wind ever blows.



The Mist Dragon is a vast fleece-like mist that is often observed in the Vale of Elkhanah, issuing in stealthy, undulating, serpentine movement, from the lower gorges of the North St. Vrain and creeping along the base of the Twin Sisters and up into Lamb's Notch, the hydrographic divide between the waters of the Big Thompson and the St. Vrain; where it is usually dispersed and dissipated by conflicting air currents from Estes Park. This cloud formation is gleaming white and is often miles in length; and by reason of its insidious, reptile motion and uniform python-like body, suggests a dragon. Occasionally it retreats and withdraws itself to the gorges whence it came, with the same motion of its advance.

THE MIST DRAGON

OUT from the deep gorge
The mist-stoled reptile sweeps,
Gripping each confronting peak,
It stealthy thefts,
As a worm extends itself
And slowly creeps,
Bridging, arch-like,
The op'ed space from leaf to leaf.

Valeward, from the river's course,
It twists its huge constricting shape;
And floats—a dirigible vast—
Its snow-white sinuous tape
The mid heights of the Sisters past,
And on to the pine clad Notch;
Where unseen warders of the air—
Who its silent course have watched—
Attack, with desp'rate fury,
The intruding aerialite.
Now deadly and mid-air conflict
Rages on that sky-ward height;
Until, dismayed, the beast
Retires to its cave in shattered plight;
Or dissolves invisible,
And unseen of man, maintains the fight.

Thus, the aerial,
Vap'rous world of cloud—
As doth the sphered,
Sunward rolling globe of man—
Teems with commingling life,
Monster-like and mad,
In perfect 'lotment
With God's unfathomed plan.

Thunder Lake, where the following poem was written, lies at the upper end of Wild Basin under the magnificent thousand foot precipices of Mt. Kirkwood. From the east shore of the lake, two beautiful waterfalls can be seen, pitching in whitest foam over gorge rims 500 feet above the lake level. Directly to the west, above a wilderness of flashing snowfields, is the low col of the Continental Divide between Mts. Alice and Kirkwood—the Boulder-Grand Pass. The lake was named by Harry Cole, an early settler, on account of the deep reverberations of thunder which roll grandly from Kirkwood's mighty slopes, and boom tempestuously across the lake.

SPRUCES AND STARS

THE white-crowned sparrow's
Song is hushed—
 The pipit's voice is still.
The sound of stream that day-bright rushed
 Has sunk to tinkling rill.
The last bright ray of
Setting sun
 Cross the tarn its fire has flung,
Merging with leaping flame crimson,
 Of campfire, pot o'erhung.
The meal is done,
 And Night's deep gloom
 Enfolds the mountain land.
The charred red coals of campfire bloom
 Are dying on the sand.
Then stars descend
 'Mong dark spruce boughs,
 And dance to sleepy eyes;
Till their spell induces deep sleep drowse,
 And alp wind breathes in sighs.

Spruces and stars
Are the campfire cars,
Wheeling souls to pleasant dreams:
As on my back,
In the blanket pack,
I gaze on the bright orb gleams;
Shining, mellow soft,
From skies aloft,
Thru the spruce boughs' latticed seams.

The midnight chill
 Of the alpine night
 Awakens me with start.
I shiver—brushing hoar frost white,
 From where the blankets part.
Then gath'ring full
 The whole bed pack,
 I snuggle deep inside;

And peer soft thru the spruce roof crack,
At the planets circling wide.
Endless train
Of chariots bright,
Tracking the Milky Way—
I cannot sleep till starry Night
Dim passengers the Day.
The balsamed boughs
That arbor roof,
The cov'nings of my pack,
Bend soft in mothering sweet droop,
As swift the planets track.

Spruces and stars
Are the campfire cars,
Wheeling souls to pleasant dreams;
As on my back,
In the blanket pack,
I gaze on the bright orb gleams;
Shining, mellow soft,
From skies aloft,
Thru the spruce boughs' latticed seams.

The dark trees
With their cuddlings mute,
Again deep sleep instill;
In spite of thought in dream dispute,
I'd sleep not till Morn's thrill.
Oh! What soft light
Is that I see,
That dims these starry eyes?
It is—It is the mystery
Of Morning's glad sunrise.
I lie now
Till the lovely eyes
Of soft and tender Night
Grow dim and pale in ghostly guise,
And spruces stand in light.

Oh, Night,
Sweet dusky mother deep—
Farewell, till Day once more
Sinks in Thine arms in tired sleep,
And I with Thee drowsed o'er.

Spruces and stars
Are the campfire cars,
Wheeling souls to pleasant dreams;
As on my back,
In the blanket pack,
I gaze on the bright orb gleams;
Shining, mellow soft,
From skies aloft,
Thru the spruce boughs' latticed seams.



The glow-worm is found on the summit of Old Man and Lily Mountains and other points in the middle oberland, in June and early summer. It is about an inch long, appearing somewhat like a caterpillar, and emitting a shining green light; which glows steadily, not at intervals, as the fire-fly's does. It is only the female which is thus phosphorescent, the male resembling an ordinary flying beetle; which, flying about in the night, is attracted to the female by her light.

SONG OF THE GLOW-WORM

WHERE art thou, my pretty mate,
Ling'ring in the warm glade late?
My form is fair illuminate,
And I, my love, impatient wait.

On the rock—'neath the moon—
I soft incandescent bloom.
Gleaming bright to captivate
My own—my pretty downy mate.

Soft he comes, my pretty down,
Ambling o'er the lichens brown;
Attracted by my shining form,
Which he'll embrace till dewy morn.

On the rock—'neath the moon—
I soft incandescent bloom.
Gleaming bright to captivate
My own—my pretty downy mate.

Mt. Ypsilon, a prominent peak of the Mummy Range northwest of Horseshoe Park, received its name from Mrs. Frederick H. Chapin, who in company with her husband, visited Estes Park in 1887; and the following, quoted from Mr. Chapin's book, Mountaineering In Colorado, will explain:

"One great peak with a steep wall facing east, and a long reclining ridge leading toward the southwest, especially interested us. A large snow-field lay on the eastern face; two glittering bands of ice extended skyward to the ridge of the mountain, forming a perfect Y. My wife said to me, 'Its name shall be Ypsilon (the Greek name for the letter Y) Peak.' So it went forth, and the name was accepted by the dwellers in the valley, and by the visitors at the ranches."

In the summer of 1905, Mr. Louis Raymond Levings, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Levings of Chicago, in attempting to cross the east face of the mountain, suddenly fell to depths below and was instantly killed. His body was entombed in concrete near the point where it lodged.

LOUIS

O N the slopes of Ypsilon,
Where the flying eagle soars—
Where the snows of winter linger,
And the gleaming granite lures—
There a Sleeper lies a-dreaming
In the hollow of the steep,
Where the winds of tempests bellow,
And the storm mists wreath and creep.

Across the glist'ning snow-fields
There comes the rosy flush of Morn;
The heights in golden sunshine glitter—
The beaming Day is born.
Then Evening with its shadows—
Let thru the Twilight's bars—
And dusky Night in glory
Spreads her beauteous robe of stars.

Yet the Sleeper lies a-dreaming,
And the suns they cycle on.
The seasons their set courses run,
And the years pass swift anon.
We loved Him!
Ah! Need say we more!
Our loved One—slumber on;
As the Ages chant their measures
On the slopes of Ypsilon.

The Spring with alpine daisies fair
Decks bright the Sleeper's cot;
The Summer with its primroses,
And sweet for-get-me-not;
The Autumn with its lusty winds,
And gorgeous alpenglows;
The Winter with its winding sheet
Of chaste and purest snows.

The silent Mountain glistens
 In the heat of summer noon.
Its snowy wings gleam brightly
 'Neath the winter's midnight moon.
Its crest is stud with star gems—
 Its pure fountains sparkle clear;
And all its alpine beauty
 Is revealed each passing year.

Yet the Sleeper lies a-dreaming,
 And the suns they cycle on.
The seasons their set courses run,
 And the years pass swift anon.
We loved Him!
Ah! Need say we more!
Our loved One—slumber on;
As the Ages chant their measures
On the slopes of Ypsilon.

BACK TO THE HEARTH OF MY HUT

O NCE more I've met the monster face to face—
 Spoil-mad World and the battling Race.
 Stript of my goods, sore wounded, scarce alive,
 I gain my hut—a fugitive.

Fled from the world and its misery—
Safe from the arms of the enemy—
Back to the hearth of my hut, Oh God, with Thee!

Quick, then, put the big back log in its space,
 And pitch-needled boughs of pine put in place.
A handful of shavings—blaze of the match—
 Ah, now the bright fires of my hearth do catch.

The pot soon is singing its roundelay.
 My dog is curled up on his wisp of hay.
The Muses have come for the evening's tale,
 And now surges strong the fierce winter gale.

Red, now, the flames of my hearth render cheer.
 My friends gather round me, lovely and dear.
Both angels and men here need have no fear.
 We're safe in our hut from the outside drear.

Fled from the world and its misery—
Safe from the arms of the enemy—
Back to the hearth of my hut, Oh God, with Thee!

Helen Hyde, that inimitable sketcher of Japanese child and folk life, being impressed with the pictur-esque ness in Japan of the flitting of the innumerable lighted paper lanterns on the hill and mountain sides which the natives carry as they visit each other or gather at social functions at night, introduced the same charming custom in Elkanah Valley, by presenting to each of her friends a handsome Japanese lantern inscribed with the monogram of the local club, and which are invariably used as above—the lighted lantern being symbolized as signifying the warmest fellowship and hospitality.

LIGHTS OF THE VALE

LIGHTS of the Vale
Are flitting the trails,
To lighten each one to the hall;
Where maidens most fair
And gallants of air
Will linger long in the spell of the ball.

Oh! Beautiful lights!
Oh! Lanterns so bright!
Glowing far in the evergreen dale:
What brightness is thine
Of sweet friendship divine—
Soft, shining lights of the Vale!

Lights of the Vale
Are flitting the trails,
To lighten each one to his home;
And each lantern bright
Gleams soft in the night,
As beaming stars in the heaven orbed dome.

Oh! Beautiful lights!
Oh! Lanterns so bright!
Glowing far in the evergreen dale:
What tales could ye tell
As love treads yonder dell—
Soft, shining lights of the Vale!

The saw-whet owl is so named from its rasp-like note, resembling the filing of a saw. It is the pigmy of the owl family in this region; is only about eight inches long, of reddish-brown, white, and gray plumage, and is here all the year round.

THE SAW-WHET OWL

THERE is a little saw-whet owl
Who visits me at night;
But he's so small and active like
It's rare that he's in sight.

He starts to file his little saw
'Bout the time I'm snug in bed.
He keeps it up so long at times
I oft think he'll split my head.

Now they say an owl's ill-omened,
But of him I have no fear:
I hope he'll whet his little saw
For many a happy year.

The Continental Divide is, in effect, a huge wall; and on the east slope, that which descends towards the Great Plains and forms their uppermost watershed, it is indented with innumerable gorges, gulches, basins, and other cavities, forming natural reservoirs, cisterns, and deep receptacles, for the depositing and conserving of snow, and so contrived as to be hidden for a large portion of the year from the rays of the sun. When the falls of snow come, they usually appear from the southeast, borne by a steady drift and at a temperature of about 22 degrees above zero, and extending over the whole Front Range and usually attaining a depth of from two to sixteen inches; and it can readily be understood, that if they lay as they fell, they would quickly evaporate upon the appearance of the sun. To avoid this, and maintain an inexhaustible and steady streamflow, Nature provides in this region a winter prevailing wind, the northwest, which, after almost every fall of snow, strips hundreds of miles of the high country along the Continental Divide of its frozen flaked wealth; and blows, sifts, and deposits it in enormous drifts and fields in the above described repositories; later, as the sun swings northward, and at a time when moisture is often sorely needed on the Great Plains for irrigating crops, to be melted and flow to them in the form of purest aqua. The forest, of course, is a great secondary factor in snow conservation in this region, but most of the great nèvès and glaciers of the Front Range lie high above timberline.

THE WHITE SHEPHERD OF THE OBERLAND

A FOOT of snow has fallen
On the Continental Range;
A smother of graysome storm clouds
Spilled light the frozen rain.

On hill, in vale, and valley deep,
The fluffy fleeces lie,
Waiting for the faithful Shepherd
To drive them cross the sky.

Afar on the western ranges
Sounds his boreal horn.
Clear o'er the glistening alps
The echoing notes are borne.
And the great pines hearing,
Rustle their green boughs and whisper,
"He's coming. He's coming!
Ye sleeping flocks, bestir! Bestir!"

Clad in his airy raiment—
Wielding his soughing staff,
The White Shepherd of the mountains
Seeks swift the fleecy band.
And o'er the wintry ledges—
Across the dizzy crags,
He drives them safe to the sheepfolds,
In the heart of the Oberland.

Roused from their slumber, joy wakened,
Quick springing, and bleating,
The flocks of the peak world
Their lovèd Shepherd give greeting.
"Up—up! And be off," says he;
"To the sheepfolds be fleeting,
Ere the dread wolf of the Sun
Thy snowy fluffs be seeking."

Thus thru the long night,
With swift scamper and scurrying rush,
O'er the cabin roof and eaves
They rustle, jostle, and brush;
With ever the weird song
Of their Shepherd, and softest sough
Of his wonderful staff
Directing stragglers straight and true.

Another marvel to be noted in connection with the above conserving process is that in the lower valleys and ranges, the forest here becoming the main receptacle factor in snow conservation, the same wind sweeps the snow from the unwooded pastures, slopes, and fields, into the forests; thus not only affording open grazing for the stock, but at the same time conserving a large quantity of snow in these lower altitudes, which melts and descends to the Great Plains early in the spring, in time to irrigate the newly planted crops in the event of the failure of rain at the critical period of germination. Thus the Northwest Wind—cursed roundly at times by both plainsman and mountaineer for its persistent bitter blast—is probably our greatest conservationist; and whenever the Great Hills are white with flying snow, it is certain it is busy storing and conserving a wealth of moisture.

The snows of the upper oberland do not melt to any appreciable degree until June, the flood month. The normal snowfall of the Front Range valleys is from eight to ten feet. Glaciers are formed by masses of snow concentrating in one place, generally a steep gorge where the wind has conveyed the snow, and there passing thru a granular process, which gradually converts them into ice. A nèvè or firn, is a field of snow undergoing the granular process.

Now safe in the gorges, the gulches,
And sheltered north slopes,
The flocks have been driven
Ere the Sun his golden eye opes.
And if thru the day, the Shepherd
Yet drives fleeces that stray,
He still with his song and staff
Keeps the dread wolf away.

Now list ye, honest worker
Of farm, of orchard, and crop:
When loud sounds the wind-horn of Shepherd
From high mountain top,
Do not curse that wild note,
But cheerily bend to its blast,
And bless all the bright waters
The pure snow fleeces send past.

Clad in his airy raiment—
Wielding his soughing staff,
The White Shepherd of the mountains
Seeks swift the fleecy band.
And o'er the wintry ledges—
Across the dizzy crags,
He drives them safe to the sheep folds,
In the heart of the Oberland.



The hermit-thrush is one of the true thrushes of North America. It is one of the late spring arrivals in the Rockies, nests on the ground, and lays four or five pale-bluish eggs. Nearly every swamp or marsh in the upper valleys of the oberland is inhabited by a pair of these beautiful songsters in the nesting and brooding season, who almost invariably perch on a favorite dead snag or stump when in the throes of ecstatic melody. Settlers and other home makers in our alpine valleys, are quite prone to cut and remove such unsightly objects as an old dead snag or tree standing full or part length among its green boughed fellows or in a meadow. These, however, are the real bird trees, balconies, and perches of the wild songsters; and to those who have learned and know, are as precious for this reason, as the finest spruce in the glade.

THE HERMIT-THRUSH

THERE dwells a little hermit dear
 In the deep and tangled wood.
 You ne'er can see him come or go,
 For company or food.
His little coat is modest quite,
 And every summer day
He sits amid the forest deep,
 And sings his little heart away.

He does not like to sit upon
 A green and leafy tree;
But rather on an old dead snag
 He lifts his melody.
He sounds his peep in early morn—
 In dim and breaking day;
But evening is the solemn hour
 That hears his sweetest roundelay.

It would not do for me to tell
 How matchless is his song.
It pipes of all the beauteous things
 That Nature lives among.
It sings of rain, and dew, and sky;
 Of sun, and flower nod.
It lifts the soul to mansions high,
 And breathes the sacred name of God.

A MOUNTAIN MORNING GRAY AND I TO WORK

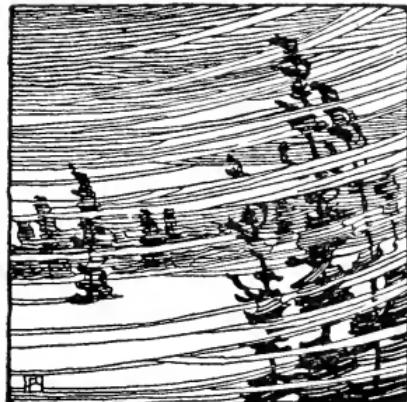
THE early dawn—gray, ghostly in the east;
An old moon, dying, low hung in the west;
The cabin clutched in the mell of wild wind-hound,
Seeking a deep sunk vacuum never found;
Impelling blasts of sand on window-pane,
And sifting thru fine snow, the hurricane,
From dirt-grimed, graveled drifts athwart the Vale—
Wind bleached skeletons of deep watered gale.

The sun, low down, deep burdened, weary strains;
Staggering unwieldy o'er distant plains,
Peers once with blood-shot eye into the Vale,
And viewing wild the surge of howling gale,
Refuge finds in a gray and leaden sky,
And lets the vacuum-seeking hounds go by.
And they, afoam, despairing of their prey,
Yell madly on the Continental way.

Amid the rout of wind and weather drear
The breakfast lends a momentary cheer.
Rich buttermilk pancakes—a slice of ham—
A little fruit—fill full the inner man.
A tight buttoned coat, warm cap, mittened hand,
And eyes set 'gainst the glint of snow and sand—
We're off, the dog and I, with axe and saw,
Up the steep slope full in the wild wind's maw.

We cross the glassy roof of iced stream's course,
Low, deep gurgling thru the airholes hoarse.
The meadow grass—mauled, frayed to brassy brown—
Seems scarce to keep root hold in the ground.
The smaller trees about us bend and groan;
The large ones stiff receive the shock, and moan.
No life to bid the dog's attention gay:
Bird, squirrel, rabbit—all have fled the day.

The mountain crests sharp in defiance stand,
Tossing off the mad wind-hounds that glut the land,
From horns whose keen thrusts loud the beasts make
 howl,
And drive them sore on lesser heights to prowl.
Now to the deep protecting forest we,
In whose thick pungent depths from mad gales free,
We cut and gather fallen spruce and pine,
For cottage fires and deepest winter time.



From the Vale of Elkannah, distant about forty-five miles as the crow flies, and from an altitude of 9,000 feet, can be seen the lights of Denver, as they are reflected from the low clouds that frequently hover over the city at night. The upper slopes of the Vale itself, at altitudes of 10,000 feet and upward, are plainly visible with the naked eye from the view points and parks in the above named city.

CITY LIGHTS SEEN FROM THE WILDERNESS

OFT, as from my hut at night
I scan the low hung southeastern sky,
I can, reflected on the clouds,
The lights of a great city spy.
In fancy, I see its thronged streets
Of pleasure rife and worldly life,
As tho I myself were there,
Submerged, my soul, in its carnal strife.

Yet tell me, thou thence-from speeding wind,
Who of all that motley throng,
Illumed by the glory of his God,
As I, on this lone hill, lifts song
Of that love divine, which in Earth
And Heaven, sweet fills thirsting soul,
And alone, shorn of goods and gold,
Wafts Life's voyager to his sure goal.

Yet I doubt not, and loud rejoice,
That thousands of those city souls
Are pure and fair as angels';
Tho deep submerged they are, in close folds
Of that fevered life and endless care,
As I would be if I were there.

Submerged!
Aye—and by themselves, and why?
Part of the Perfect Plan—is this.
For e'en the stars, the nebulae,
Swarm as bees in Night's abyss.

Shine on!
Beacons of yon city bright,
And flare your clust'ring candles skyward!
While I, 'neath these sparkling stars of night,
Pray earnest upward,
That yon myriad swarming souls
Wing ever truest Godward.

YE BRIGHT FOAMING WATERS OF BOUNDING ST. VRAIN

A SWIFT rushing river
Breaks 'cross a pebb'ed strand.
'Tis one of the waters
Of lofty sky-land,
Which gathers the fountains
Of pure melting snow,
And carries them swiftly
To depths far below.
'Tis a mad rushing flood,
That none can restrain—
The bright foaming waters
Of bounding St. Vrain.

Ye were ever thus mad,
Oh, leaping St. Vrain.
In thine eternal rush
I've called ye in vain.
Your sparkling blue lakelets
And pools without name
All seaward are streaming
With sluicings and drain—
To form your wild water,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.

Yet there's one lovely spot,
Ye know of, St. Vrain;
When I called ye, ye stopped,
And strove not in vain.
'Twas high on the mountains
Where snow glaciers reign;
Your trickling blue fountain
I quaffed in its vein,
As fast as it melted,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.

By that happy instance,
Oh, laughing St. Vrain—
Like lover who's tasted—

Tho not vile profane;
I stroll oft beside ye,
As seaward ye train,
In refreshing fond love,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.

Roll on then, bright water,
And verdure the plain.
Roll on to the ocean,
With wild mountain strain.
Ye've plunged from the prec'pice—
Ye've sprung from the cloud;
Ye've leaped from the gorge rim,
Which gray mists enshroud.
So roar ye, wild water,
And splash your white mane—
I love you—I love you,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.



For several years, it was the manifestly unjust and fatally discriminatory law in Colorado, that only deer with horns could be slain in the legal game season beginning October 1st; which soon resulted—from danger of total extinction—of a law wholly closing for a period of years, the slaughter of deer of any kind.

THE GUILT OF BEARING PROUD ANTLERED CREST

THERE is a law that dooms
In autumn of each year
To hunter's ruthless gun,
The proudest of the deer.

The stag is he, whose lordly horns
Proclaim the lawful prey;
And I fancy, as Death speeds the ball,
His mournful lay:

"Fly on, my lovèd doe, and live,
Our beauteous offspring to thrive.
While I, guilty of bearing proud
Antlered crest, must bleeding die."

YE GREEN PINES AND TALL SPRUCES OF WIND RIVER TRAIL

OFT in sorrow I've wandered
In grief from our Vale,
Footing wilds dim remote
'Neath the moon's misty veil;
To wake in sweet transport
At the stream's limpid tale,
As I walked the green windings
Of Wind River Trail.

Oh, green pines and tall spruces
Of Wind River Trail!
How soft is thy murmur
As I tread your loved dale.
Mating birds sing their songs—
Flowers fragrance exhale,
As I walk your leafed pathways,
Oh, Wind River Trail.

There's no grief that Nature
Cannot sweetly assuage.
There's no sorrow so deep
But a song will avail.
And I feel and I know,
As I there pilgrimage,
I'll find joy and sweet peace
On the Wind River Trail.

Oh, green pines and tall spruces
Of Wind River Trail!
How soft is thy murmur
As I tread your loved dale.
Mating birds sing their songs—
Flowers fragrance exhale,
As I walk your leafed pathways,
Oh, Wind River Trail.

IN THE VALLEY OF ELKANAH— THERE IS LOVE

THERE lies a lovely valley
In the mountains far away,
Where people often wander
And rapt lovers softly stray.
And oft they sweetly wonder
Why this valley green and fair
Seems fairer than their fondest dreams—
So free from sin and care.
As thus they gently marvel
And the meadows fresh they rove,
They hear the thrushes singing
In the deep and verdured grove.
And the song they always sing,
As they make the woodlands ring,
Is—In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.

In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.
Oh! Hear the thrushes
Singing in the grove;
Of the grace that God has sent
To this vale of sweet content;
In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.

In this flower smiling valley
'Neath the mountain's lofty brow,
The dews of summer sparkle
And the night wind whispers low.
The green and tasseled spruces
Murmur wood songs from the hills;
And the alpine cascades falling,
Babble wild notes in their rills.
Yet sweeter melody is wafted
By the thrushes in the grove,
As tho Heaven's fairest angels
Joined in chorus from Above.

And the song they always sing,
As they make the woodlands ring,
Is—In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.

In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.
Oh! Hear the thrushes
Singing in the grove;
Of the grace that God has sent
To this vale of sweet content;
In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.

'TIS MOONLIGHT ON THE SISTERS

'TIS moonlight on the Sisters!
The Queen of Night in glory rims
The mount in lunar splendors,
And full the Vale with silver brims.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
The alp world in beauty shines.
The voice of Nature whispers
To the green and glossy pines.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
The wild stag beside his mate
Scents keen with nostril quivers
The soft breeze that stirs the lake.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
And all living things are moved
To fond caress their lovers,
In the shadow of the wood.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
Come forth, my love, to me.
We'll sweet appease Love's hunger
'Neath the quaking aspen tree.

As seen from Park Hill, and many other view points in the vast amphitheatre of Estes Park, the ebon wooded depths of the Black Cañon, with its beautiful forested rufflings and verdure fluted rimmings, forms one of the most magnificent cañon slashings to be observed in the region.

Down this deep and gloomy corridor and far across the Park and on toward the Great Plains, Hagues stupendous storm-hatching mass sends tempest after tempest in summer; and in winter, fills its spruce-clad depths with booming blizzards. Hagues is the restless plotting Macbeth of the oberland; and the Black Cañon, its witch's cauldron.

A beautiful trail leads up the cañon to Lawn Lake and the Hallett Glacier, past the ranch of Donald MacGregor, the pioneer of those parts. The limpid stream that issues from the cool pungent deeps of this glorious forest aisle supplies Estes village with water; and close to the intake, precipitates itself in a handsome fall.

A THUNDER-CLOUD ISSUING FROM THE BLACK CAÑON

THE Thunder Cloud

T In vap'rous grandeur—aerial battleship,
Loosed from its alp clifffed moorings
Among the gorges high,
Manoeuvres for the cañoned channel
Deep, mid the dark dusked headlands
Of the gloomed forest aisle;
And at each promontory—belches
Its forked flashing petard bolt
As on it stately plies.
Blinding—the flash, and thund'ring—the roar,
And loud the boomings verberate
The spruced gulches o'er and o'er.

Swift gliding now with white bone in teeth
The monster heaves its beaked prow
Of slanting pelting hail.
And all splashed, the shaggy hills and steeps
Are cool rain submerged, and laved
In its mist-flecked swashed trail.
Straight aimed for the wide op'ed sea of Park
The stormy galleon sweeps
With battle smokes dim veiled;
And vapor fleeced and gray canopied,
Its lofty tops and turrets
Lead sombered are—and hid.

At full speed from the shagg'd umbered strait
It bursts in fury on the
Park, with smothering rain;
And dripping, the drenched cañon emerges
From the mists; and bright the sun
Gleams on the peaks again.
Mid way o'er the sunny sea of Park
The Cloudship spies Olympus,
High upreared o'er the plain;
And with cruiser flight and dead ahead
The Rainer with foamed wake bears
That peak upon, most dread.

Shot after shot, the great guns roaring,
Hurl full on the crag massed fort;
And leaping—crimson fall
Adown the Mountain's grassy glades,
And sweep its wide wooded slopes
With fire's red cardinal.
Torpedo lightnings now, vivid—with
Sharp hiss of whirring motor,
Flash bright horizontal.
Fearful too, with strained utmost speed
And engines clanking slaughter,
The Craft to ram proceeds.

With terrific shock it projectiles,
And tho firm the Mountain stands,
Yet trees and stones are hurled
From their foundations; and rattling loud
Chaotic the storm swept heights,
Boughs down the steeps are whirled.
Deep murked—mist streaming, Olympus stands,
As the Battler's beak is plunged,
Storm steeled and whirlwind curled,
Full at the Mountain's rock armored ribs;
And then the swart Peak's head, dim,
Thru the shred Storm Cloud nibs.

Rent and shattered now, the Thunderer
Past the Mountain speeds; and flees
Onward with tempest spleen;
And cool the parched valley floor is drenched
By flood of rain jet-spurting
From streaming wounds unseen.
Triumphant now, 'mong the mist wreckage
And the sun's gold glory beam,
The Mountain lifts its head;
And 'cross the douched reaches of the Park
A bright bow is shining flung—
Glad symbol of the Ark.

MOUNTAIN MAID

O H, wild is the wind
On the mountain's brow;
And wild is the heart of the wood.
Wild and white is
The glacier's snow;
And wild the torrent's flood.
Yet wilder still—vast virginal—
With maiden depths unwooed,
Is the witching glance
Of the Mountain Maid,
In vestal flow'ring mood.

No pool dim hid 'neath leafy bower—
No deep tarn so rippling bright,
Or sun enamoured sky;
No bud of heath or satined flower
Can match Thy soul-windowed light—
Thy soft empassioned eye.
No mountain head, o'er its breast of snow,
Can more chaste or nobler rise,
Than head of Thine and brow,
Uplifted o'er a bosom pure
As fleece in azure skies.

What swift stream arun down mossy glade,
With lipped banks of flower rows,
Can match the freshness dewed
Of Thy cheeks in flaming beauty 'rayed—
Fair, out-blushing alpine rose
In deepest color hued!
The quivering depths of dusky Night,
With star-smould'ring passion fires,
Are cold beside the flames,
Which Thy casual, clear, askant,
Yet melting, glance inspires.

Thy hair is like silken glossy rye,
That radiant 'neath the sun
Shines rich as rippling gold.

Thy breath is like blossom laden sky,
That herds deep breathe in June,
And bees with sweets enfold.
Thy leap is like the far-bounding doe,
Who swift flies beside the stag;
And drinks in grateful quaff
Of pulsing joy, 'mid mountain wilds
And high ascending crag.

Oh, Mountain Maid! Thy wild beauty reigns
Supreme, in many a heart
That yearns but never tells
Its love to Thee in fear of rude pains—
And which Thy pure guileless art
To sweetest silence quells.
Reign on, then, Thou fair Diana soul,
'Mong Thy native sylvan haunts;
Till suitor bolder vaunts
His taut bow in sure control—
Piercing Thee with Cupid's dart.

Oh, wild is the wind
On the mountain's brow;
And wild is the heart of the wood.
Wild and white is
The glacier's snow;
And wild the torrent's flood.
Yet wilder still—vast virginal—
With maiden depths unwooed,
Is the witching glance
Of the Mountain Maid,
In vestal flow'ring mood.

LOVE

O H, Heart! Oh, Heart!
I bury me, in the pit
Of Thy purple core;
And find in mine arms
The fragrant flesh
Of the love-mate I adore.

Oh, Soul! Oh, Soul!
We ruby Thee, with the
Red blood-drip of desire;
And find in our breasts
The altar flames
Of divine celestial fire.

Oh, Joy! Oh, Joy!
What sweet ecstacy
Is the glory of this love;
Sent—man and woman,
To the Earth—
And sacred conjugate by them,
Pure generates
Beatiitudes of holiness
On nuptial stem;
Which, to Heaven rises
'Brosial, to lave
The heart of Him above.

Oh, God! Oh, God!
We, mated, kneel to Thee,
Naked as ancient sires.
In innocence we dwell,
And 'joy the pure desires.
In spirit and truth
We worship Thee—
Accept our holy prayers;
For none can rise
But the affinity
Of Thy accepted pairs.



'TIS EVENING IN THE VALLEY OF ELKANAH

ONE cloud aloft in bright glory hung,
Ablush in the arms of the setting sun.
One star agleam in the misty West,
A jewel aflame on the twilight's breast.
One moon afull on the mountain's crest,
Glittering in splendor—in silver drest.
'Tis evening in the Valley of Elkanah.

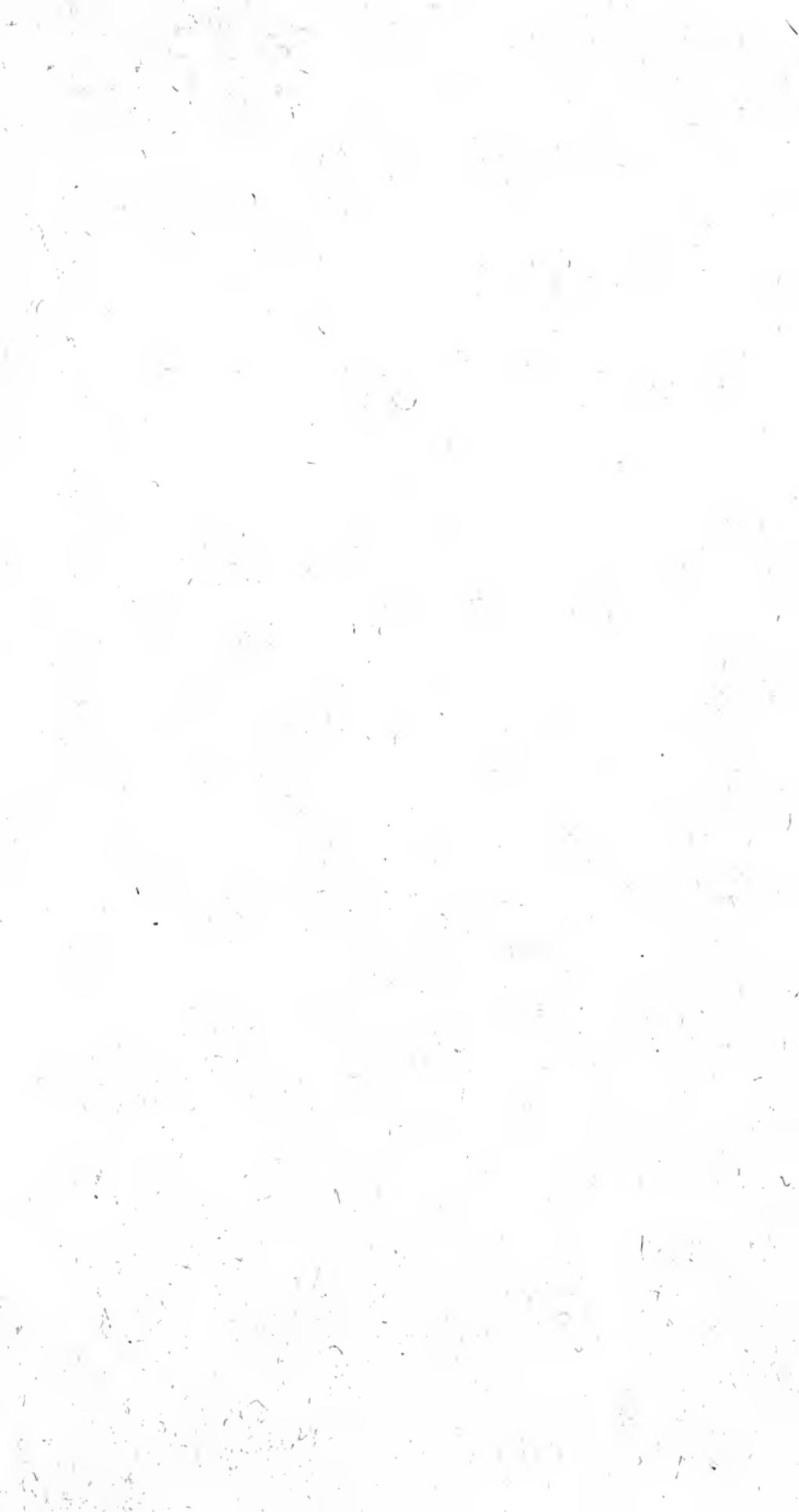
One song of brook and its murm'ring rill,
From the deep brooding forest on the hill.
One cry of bird as it seeks its nest,
To cuddle the brood thru the long night's rest.
One stir of wind in the aspen boughs,
As the shadows fall of the still eve's drowse.
'Tis evening in the Valley of Elkanah.

One sigh of joy for a sweet day passed
In honest toil and labor's sweatened cast.
One throb of heart for the supper's cheer,
And a greeting of those I love so dear.
One love in soul for the sons of men;
A prayer to God, and a chastened Amen!
'Tis evening in the Valley of Elkanah.

*“The influence of fine scenery,
the presence of mountains, ap-
peases our irritations and el-
evates our friendships.”*

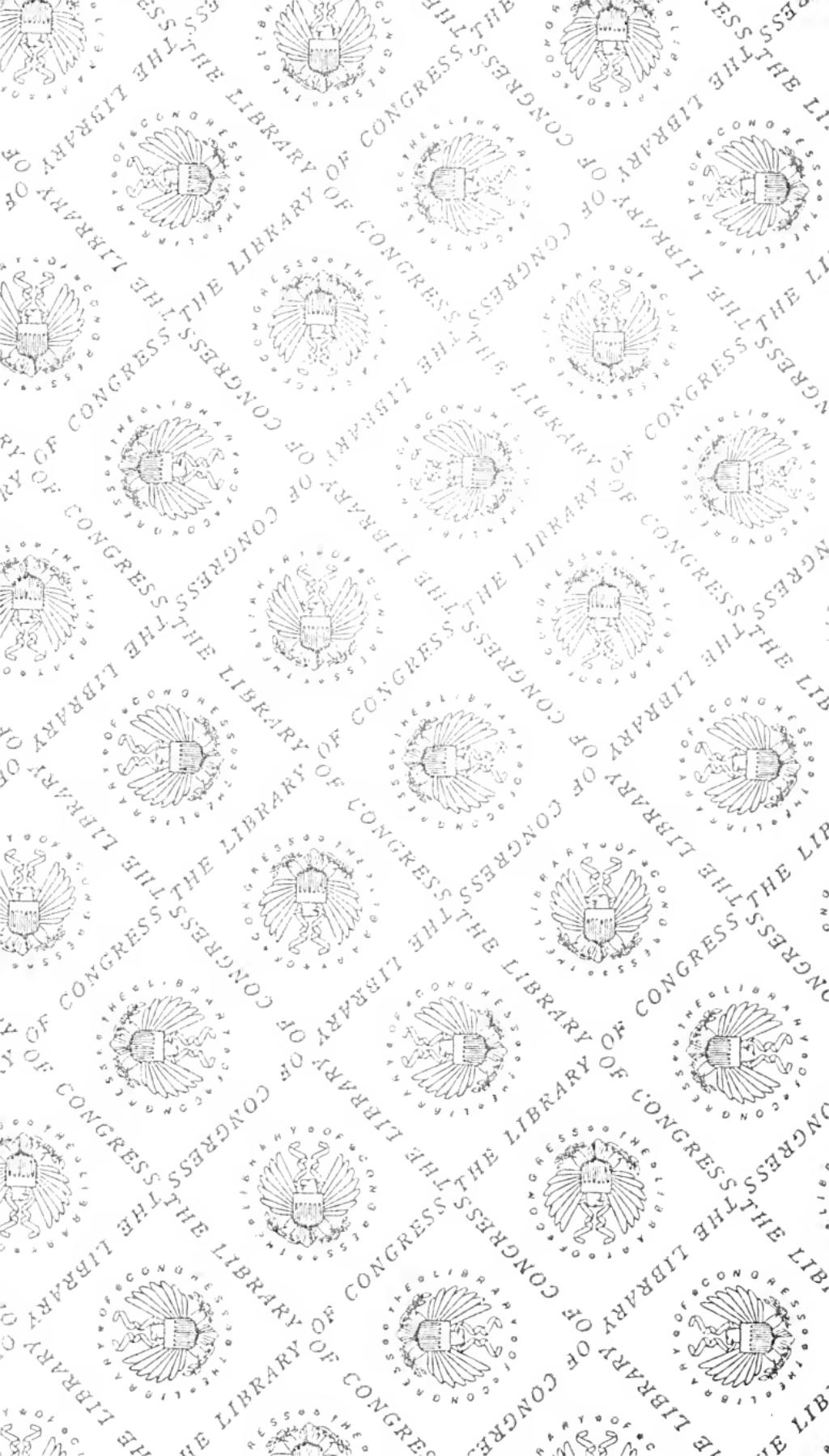
Ralph Waldo Emerson.







H 487 85





NOV 85

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 938 149 3